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NEGRO POEMS, MELODIES,  
PLANTATION PIECES,  
CAMP MEETING SONGS, ETC.

BY  
WILLIAM C. BLADES



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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Old Shore Road . . . . .	13
Mammy and Me . . . . .	15
Ring that Bell . . . . .	16
What You Gwine to Do? . . . . .	16
Send that Chariot Down . . . . .	17
On the Road to Charleston . . . . .	18
Where the Cotton Used to Grow . . . . .	19
Rabbit in the Pot . . . . .	20
The Old Steamboat . . . . .	21
Lily Snowdrop . . . . .	22
The Minstrel Man . . . . .	22
Mistah Jones . . . . .	23
Old Jim Crow . . . . .	24
That's Why I Want to Go There . . . . .	25
Fiddlin' Joe . . . . .	26
Bury Mah Banjo by Mah Side . . . . .	27
The Old Colored Minister . . . . .	28
Way Down South in Georgia . . . . .	29
The Chariot Ford . . . . .	30
The White Angels . . . . .	31
Bullfrog Pone . . . . .	32
The Nigger and the Mule . . . . .	32
The Wild-Eyed Coon . . . . .	33
Hard Times Come Again No More . . . . .	34
Jonah and the Whale . . . . .	34
The Placard . . . . .	35
Nigger Gin . . . . .	35
The Darky . . . . .	36
That Houn' Dawg . . . . .	36
Totin' Along . . . . .	36
Oh, Lord, Not Me . . . . .	37

## Contents

	PAGE
Ante-Bellum . . . . .	37
The Cake Walk . . . . .	38
Southern Lullaby . . . . .	39
Pompey's Plea . . . . .	40
Then You'll Come Back to Dixie . . . . .	40
Cornfields . . . . .	41
Befo' de Wah . . . . .	42
What Foh I Dunno . . . . .	43
Serenade . . . . .	44
Dinah . . . . .	44
Dinah Mine . . . . .	45
Mandy's Party . . . . .	46
Aunt Jemima . . . . .	47
Shufflin' Feet . . . . .	48
When I Get Over the River . . . . .	48
Uncle Tom . . . . .	49
Folk Song . . . . .	50
The Poor White Man . . . . .	51
Possum Pie . . . . .	52
The Grinning Nigger Man . . . . .	52
I'm There . . . . .	53
The Darky's Prayer . . . . .	54
Old Black Joe . . . . .	55
We'll All Go to Heaven When We Die . . . . .	56
When the Lord Say Come . . . . .	58
The Darky Drum and Fife Corps . . . . .	59
While Jordan's in the Way . . . . .	60
Canaan . . . . .	60
Push Dem Clouds Away . . . . .	61
Christmas am a Comin' . . . . .	62
The Breakdown . . . . .	63
Dem Shoes . . . . .	64
The Old Mule's Tail . . . . .	64
The Good, Good News . . . . .	65
The Song of David . . . . .	66
Something for the Blues . . . . .	66
Dixie Far Away . . . . .	68
Refrains . . . . .	68
Glory . . . . .	69
Satan and the Sheep . . . . .	70

## Contents

	PAGE
Hot Corn . . . . .	71
When You Get Back to Dixie . . . . .	72
The Old Black Mule . . . . .	73
Spindles . . . . .	75
Lickin' the Goat . . . . .	76
Gracious How that Chile Done Grow . . . . .	77
Lamenting the Corn . . . . .	77
Mammy, I Love You . . . . .	78
The Gentlemen of the Bones . . . . .	79
The Mississippi . . . . .	80
Angel, Sound that Trump . . . . .	81
Don't You Want to Go Along . . . . .	81
The Golden Stair . . . . .	82
Down upon the Levee . . . . .	83
Ragtime . . . . .	84
Rastus Johnson's Idyl to His Mule . . . . .	85
Doing the Best He Can . . . . .	87
When the Coons All Come Around . . . . .	87
Glory! Hallelujah! . . . . .	88
Mandy . . . . .	89
The Nigger . . . . .	89
A Real Good Time . . . . .	90
Take That Fiddle Along . . . . .	91
Gwine Away for Christmas . . . . .	92
The Parson's Sermon . . . . .	93
The Cotton Fields of Georgia . . . . .	94
Right Away . . . . .	95
The Fiery Furnace . . . . .	96
Pickaninny Pompey . . . . .	97
Rastus Johnson . . . . .	98
The Pickaninny Band . . . . .	98
That Old Fly . . . . .	99
The Liability . . . . .	100
The Menu . . . . .	100
Balm of Gilead . . . . .	101
The Alligator . . . . .	101
The Banjo . . . . .	102
Brush Dem Tears Away . . . . .	102
When the Golden Trumpets Sound . . . . .	103
Rastus' Fate . . . . .	103

## Contents

	PAGE
The Whang-doodle Band . . . . .	104
Rastus and His Banjo . . . . .	105
Massa's Gone Away . . . . .	106
Slavery Days . . . . .	106
Melon Time in Georgia . . . . .	107
The Steamboat Ride . . . . .	108
The Orders . . . . .	109
My Ruby Red Rose . . . . .	110
Dixie So Dear . . . . .	111
My Pretty Creole Belle . . . . .	112
Foah O'Clock in the Morning . . . . .	113
If Chickens Were Crows . . . . .	115
Chickens . . . . .	116
The Eagle and the Rooster . . . . .	116
Down in Georgia . . . . .	117
Juba . . . . .	119
Gwine to the Ball . . . . .	119
Gwine to See My Gal . . . . .	120
Niggering Around . . . . .	121
The Hornet and the Bee . . . . .	121
The Two Masters . . . . .	123
Haul that Woodpile Down . . . . .	124
No Moon To-night . . . . .	125
Good Bye, Liza Jane . . . . .	126
Did You See Me . . . . .	127
The Chariot Man . . . . .	128
When I Get There That Day . . . . .	129
Keep that Chariot Rolling . . . . .	130
Old John Brown . . . . .	131
Down on the Old Plantation . . . . .	132
The Mule . . . . .	133
Living High . . . . .	134
Refrains . . . . .	135
Dem Golden Bells . . . . .	135
Sinia . . . . .	136
The Hallelujah Train . . . . .	136
Where is My Dinah? . . . . .	137
'Possum Juice . . . . .	138
Come Along, Chillun . . . . .	139
The Promis' Lan' . . . . .	139

## Contents

	PAGE
What Are You Doing Up There? . . . . .	140
Elijah, Ring that Bell . . . . .	141
Pharaoh . . . . .	142
All Right, Moses, I'll Be There . . . . .	142
Forty Acres and a Mule . . . . .	143
Caroline . . . . .	144
The Judgment Morn . . . . .	145
The Darkies' Jubilee . . . . .	145
Roll on, Jordan, Roll . . . . .	146
Dixie Darksy Land . . . . .	147
When the Sun Goes Down . . . . .	148
Dinah, Come with Me . . . . .	149
My Little Black Eyed Chloe . . . . .	149
Where the Woodbine Grows . . . . .	150
Mandy's Soliloquy . . . . .	151
The Old Banjo . . . . .	152
Songs of Dixie . . . . .	153
A Plaintive Melody . . . . .	153
The Sunflower . . . . .	154
Hoe Cake Song . . . . .	155
The Weddin' Gown . . . . .	156
The Catfish Fry . . . . .	157
When Massa Blows that Horn . . . . .	158
The Roosting Roosters . . . . .	159
The Golden Crown . . . . .	160
When the Tide Turns Round . . . . .	161
The Hoe Down . . . . .	161
The Roustabout . . . . .	162
When the Wash am Out . . . . .	163
Diamonds . . . . .	164
The Old Mewl . . . . .	165
Moonlight . . . . .	165
The Sun Do Move . . . . .	166
The Colored Children's Catechism . . . . .	167
When the Steamboat Comes Along . . . . .	168



NEGRO POEMS, MELODIES,  
PLANTATION PIECES,  
CAMP MEETING SONGS, ETC.





## THE OLD SHORE ROAD

The old shore road is shady  
And the old shore road is cool,  
And often I stop by the wayside  
When driving my old black mule;  
And on my way to heaven  
When heavy is my load,  
The Lord Almighty done take me  
Along the old shore road.

This old mule that I'm driving  
He go up many a hill,  
And long he tug on the traces  
And pull with a right good will;  
But now he's in the stable  
And empty is my load,  
For the Lord above done take me  
Along the old shore road.

---

*Negro Poems, Melodies*

---

And the air is like a garden  
And the air is pure and sweet,  
And my legs are getting rested  
And my shoes don't hurt my feet;  
And I travel on delighted  
Without a whip or goad,  
For the Lord done make it easy  
Along the old shore road.

I watch the big white breakers  
Come rolling on the shore,  
But they can't harm this nigger,  
Whose days are nearly o'er;  
Along life's lingering highway  
I am on to that abode,  
Where the Lord done say my place is  
Along the old shore road.

I know they call this heaven  
The milk and honey land,  
Where the Lord am gwine to meet me  
And take me by the hand;  
But all I want in heaven  
Is a place to rest my load,  
And a place to drive my mule in  
Along the old shore road.

MAMMY AND ME

Whose face is smiling  
When her face I see,  
No one but Mammy  
Mammy and me.

Who sees the flower  
The sky and the tree,  
No one but Mammy  
Mammy and me.

Who sings the songs  
Of the wind and the bee,  
No one but Mammy  
Mammy and me.

Who calls me black  
As I laugh in my glee,  
No one but Mammy  
Mammy and me.

And who sleeps together  
Who can it be,  
But this pickaninny  
And Mammy and me.

RING THAT BELL

Ring that bell Elijah  
And open wide the door,  
Oh ring that bell Elijah  
And ring that bell once more.

I want my folks to hear it  
I want my folks to know,  
There is a place to go to  
And the bell tells where to go.

Oh ring that bell Elijah  
And open wide the door,  
Oh ring that bell Elijah  
And ring that bell once more.

WHAT YOU GWINE TO DO

What you gwine to do, dear friends,  
What you gwine to do,  
When the Lord his flaming angel sends  
And asks your soul of you;  
And if your soul is not prepared  
To meet the judgment too,  
What you gwine to do, dear friends,  
What you gwine to do.

What you gwine to do, dear friends,  
What you gwine to do,  
When all the graves give up their dead  
Before your frightened view;  
And when the Lord appears on high  
In all his anger too,  
The Lord have mercy on your soul  
For what you gwine to do.

### SEND THAT CHARIOT DOWN

Lord my soul is waiting  
Soon the trump will sound,  
Lord don't keep me waiting  
Send that chariot down.

Send that chariot down Lord  
Send that chariot down,  
Lord don't keep me waiting  
Send that chariot down.

I saw a big white angel  
The angel made a sound,  
I know it brought the message  
Send that chariot down.

And when the day is breaking  
And when the day rolls round,  
You will find me waiting  
Send that chariot down.

ON THE ROAD TO CHARLESTON

On the road to Charleston  
I met a darky coon,  
Driving on to Charleston  
Beneath a summer noon;  
He whistled and he shouted  
These snatches of a tune,  
Upon the road to Charleston  
Beneath the summer noon.

I started out this morning  
To go to market town,  
To sell a load of cotton  
For my neighbor, Mr. Brown;  
The road is like an arrow  
And measured by the rule,  
It was only forty paces  
But a million for a mule.

I might get there tomorrow  
I might get there tonight,  
The way this mule am going  
Am sure a sorry sight;  
I'm jerking on the bridle  
And whipping like a fool,  
But what's the use of talking  
To a turtle like a mule.

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*Plantation Pieces, Camp Meeting Songs*

---

I've got to go to market  
I've got to go to town,  
I've got to sell this cotton  
For my neighbor, Mr. Brown;  
It's just around the corner  
Beyond the little school,  
A half a dozen paces  
But a million for a mule.

WHERE THE COTTON USED TO GROW

Dinah my heart is weeping  
Dinah my heart is sad,  
Dinah 'twould make me happy  
Dinah 'twould make me glad;  
Once more while I'm living  
Once more there to go,  
Back to dear old Dixie  
Where the cotton used to grow.

Dinah no more I'm weeping  
Dinah no more I'm sad,  
Dinah my heart is happy  
Dinah my heart is glad;  
For the good Lord tells me  
And the Lord must know,  
We're going back to Dixie  
Where the cotton used to grow.

RABBIT IN THE POT

Yum! Yum! Yum!

What is it I got?

Nothing but a rabbit

And a rabbit in the pot.

Yum! Yum! Yum!

But that fire am hot,

And that's the way to keep it

With a rabbit in the pot.

Yum! Yum! Yum!

I know a savory spot,

It is a rabbit cooking

And a rabbit in a pot.

Yum! Yum! Yum!

And if I had a yacht,

I wouldn't go a sailing

With that rabbit in the pot.

Yum! Yum! Yum!

But don't it take a lot

Of waiting, waiting, waiting

For a rabbit in a pot.

Yum! Yum! Yum!

What a joy I got,

I guess I'm going crazy

With that rabbit in the pot.



## THE OLD STEAMBOAT

Sambo went to market  
To sell a little pig,  
He had a dozen chickens  
And he had a balky rig;  
He got down near the river  
With his chickens and his shoat,  
Toot! Toot! goes the whistle  
Of the old steamboat.

His mule he got excited  
And started on a run,  
And sped along the highway,  
Like a bullet from a gun;  
Scattered were the chickens  
And scattered was the shoat,  
Toot! Toot! frightened by the whistle  
Of the old steamboat.

And Sambo started clubbing  
That critter of a mule,  
Until he had him humbled  
And looking like a fool;  
And then he caught the chickens  
And then he caught the shoat,  
Toot! Toot! frightened by the whistle  
Of the old steamboat.

### LILY SNOWDROP

They called her Lily Snowdrop  
Because she dressed in white,  
But Lily was a negress  
And such a monstrous sight;  
The fat was on her biceps  
The fat was on her arms,  
And fatty was her wrinkles  
And fatty was her charms.

And talk about your blackness,  
No blackness of the night  
Could equal Lily Snowdrop  
When she was dressed in white;  
And someone seeing Lily  
Said, bless her giant soul,  
If I had two Lily Snowdrops  
I'd have a ton of coal.

### THE MINSTREL MAN

The minstrel man has come to town  
All the gentlemen please sit down,  
Why does a chicken—and then he began  
Haw! haw! haw! the minstrel man.

The minstrel man he wears a vest  
Just like a sunset in the west,  
Mr. Tambo—and then he began  
Haw! haw! haw! the minstrel man.

The minstrel man has a funny face  
And a big sunflower in its place,  
And the smile is broad in the lily white han'  
Of this haw! haw! haw! minstrel man.

The minstrel man is on the end  
Or in the middle of the minstrel men,  
And who is happier in all the lan'  
Than this ragtime, jazz, jazz, minstrel man.

### MISTAH JONES

Mistah Jones went courting  
Went courting sporty too,  
He always carried a flower  
And a razor in his shoe;  
The flower am for my lady  
Said Mistah Jones so spare,  
And the razor am for any niggah  
Who happens to be there.

Mandy was his sweetheart  
A most engaging miss,  
Who seemed all light and sunshine  
And who seemed all joy and bliss;  
But when I think of that razor  
And of that miss so fair,  
I wouldn't want to call on Mandy  
When Mistah Jones is there.

OLD JIM CROW

Old Jim Crow went walking  
Went walking down the street,  
He had a clumsy manner  
And he had big clumsy feet;  
But when he started dancing  
And dancing Juba too,  
You never saw such prancing  
As old Jim could do.

He cavorted through the two-step  
He cavorted up and down,  
He scrambled through the one-step  
And tumbled round and round;  
And wherever there is dancing  
The dancing old and new,  
You never saw such dancing  
As Old Jim Crow did do.

The bobolink and the blackbird  
They looked on in amaze,  
To see the funny jumping  
Of Jim Crow and his ways;  
And to this day in Dixie  
They say it's very true,  
There is no more such dancing  
As Old Jim Crow could do.

## THAT'S WHY I WANT TO GO THERE

The darkies shout and the darkies sing  
The Lord he is my heavenly King,  
And when I die on an angel's wing  
That's why I want to go there.

I want to go there, I want to go there,  
I want to go there, I want to go there,  
I want to go there, I want to go there,  
That's why I want to go there.

I want to go there on a Sunday morn  
I want to hear Massa blow his horn,  
I want to see the blackbirds in the corn  
That's why I want to go there.

I want to go where there is no snow  
I want to go where the daisies grow,  
I want to go where I can go  
That's why I want to go there.

I want to hear the flipping of the angel's wing  
I want to see Jesus and my King,  
I want to shout and I want to sing  
That's why I want to go there.

I want to go there for the judgment day  
I want to hear the darkies sing and pray,  
I want the jubilee to start right away  
That's why I want to go there.

FIDDLIN' JOE

Playing fiddles Sah is fine  
And I will show you how I play mine,  
At the dances where I go  
Said a darky Fiddlin' Joe.

First you rosin up your bow  
Then you fix your fiddle so,  
Tuck your fiddle under your chin  
And that's the way you first begin.

Scrape and scrape, and scrape the strings  
Till that blamed old fiddle sings,  
But don't forget the way you begin  
Is to tuck your fiddle under your chin.

Back and forth you rub the bow  
Up and down you make it go,  
But the way you first begin  
Is to tuck your fiddle under your chin.

Make that catgut squeal and howl  
Saw that fiddle near your jowl,  
But to do all this you first begin  
By tucking your fiddle under your chin.

Up and down you let it rave  
Bend that bow just like a wave,  
But don't forget when you first begin  
To tuck your fiddle under your chin.

Old Dan Tucker and the 'Downs  
These am the tunes that go the rounds,  
And all seem sweeter when you begin  
With that fiddle under your chin.

And when the dance is nearly through  
I give a flourish one or two,  
But I always play when I first begin  
By tuckin' mah fiddle under mah chin.

**"BURY MAH BANJO BY MAH SIDE"**

Rastus sang and Rastus played  
All the tunes that ever were made,  
But he had one tune that was his pride  
"Bury mah banjo by my side."

He played the dances and the fairs  
He played his banjo everywheres,  
And people laughed and people cried  
At "Bury mah banjo by mah side."

At last old Rastus he got sick  
And off he went to heaven quick,  
And in the grave where his bones reside  
They buried his banjo by his side.

### THE OLD COLORED MINISTER

Old and gray and bowed with years  
The old colored minister in the church appears,  
And he raises his eyes, and he raises his hand  
And the congregation rise, and the congregation  
stand,  
And the minister preach, and the minister pray  
World without end from day to day.

And he tells the story of the long lost sheep  
And his hearers smile, and his hearers weep,  
And the congregation rise, and the congregation  
stand;  
And the congregation sing with the book in the hand;  
And the minister preach, and the minister pray  
World without end from day to day.

And the old and young, and the young and old  
Hear from his lips those words of gold,  
And the congregation rise, and the congregation  
stand;  
And they feel the clasp of his trembling hand;  
And the minister preach, and the minister pray  
World without end from day to day.

And he preaches the sermon over the dead  
And he says the words that makes them wed,  
And the congregation rise, and the congregation  
stand;  
Doing the will of the Lord's command,  
And the minister preach, and the minister pray  
World without end from day to day.



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*Plantation Pieces, Camp Meeting Songs*

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And he heals the wound and he dries the tear  
And he comforts the sorrow and the fear,  
And the congregation rise, and the congregation  
stand;  
The happiest church in that happiest land;  
And the minister preach, and the minister pray  
World without end from day to day.

'WAY DOWN SOUTH IN GEORGIA

Come to the land of the golden moon  
Come to the land where the darkies croon  
'Way down south in Georgia  
In Georgia—in Georgia  
There's where I was born, on a Sunday morn  
'Way down south in Georgia.

Come to the land of the Dixie rose  
Come to the land where the cotton grows—  
'Way down south in Georgia.  
In Georgia—in Georgia  
There's where I was born, on a Sunday morn  
'Way down south in Georgia.

Come to the land where they sing and dance  
Come to the land where the maids entrance  
'Way down south in Georgia  
In Georgia—in Georgia  
There's where I was born, on a Sunday morn  
'Way down south in Georgia.

THE CHARIOT FORD

We came to a river  
    Too wide to cross,  
And we couldn't, and we couldn't  
    And we couldn't get across;  
And they sent for a chariot  
    The river to ford,  
And they came right away  
    With a chariot ford;  
But oh, good Lord,  
    How can I afford,  
To ever get across  
    In a chariot ford.

The river am wide  
    And the river am deep,  
And I want to get across  
    Where I can sleep;  
And the Lord he came  
    And the Lord he smiled,  
And he said, my chillun,  
    The waters am mild;  
So take your place  
    And hurry up aboard,  
For a good old ride  
    In the chariot ford.

So when you come to Jordan  
And you can't get across,  
Never mind chillun  
There's a way to cross;  
The Lord am good  
And the Lord am kind,  
And a way over Jordan  
He am sure to find;  
And keep right on  
In the promise of the Lord,  
And wait till you come  
To a chariot ford.

### THE WHITE ANGELS

Mammy, am the angels always white?  
Lisped a little chile one bedtime night,  
And the Mammy answered in affright  
Hush! my chile, and say good night.

Mammy why am the angels always white?  
Said the little chile one bedtime night.  
And the Mammy answered in affright  
Hush! my chile, and say good night.

For if the angels am always white  
I'll never be an angel in your sight,  
And the Mammy answered in affright  
Hush! my chile, and say good night.

### BULLFROG PONE

Down by the gum tree  
Sitting on a log,  
Croaking all the evening  
Lived a big frog.

Along came a nigger  
Who picked up a stone,  
With visions of a supper  
And a bullfrog pone.

The frog saw the nigger  
And the frog saw the stone,  
But he wasn't quite ready  
For a bullfrog pone.

He made a great dive  
And he made a great splash,  
And good bye nigger  
To that bullfrog hash.

### THE NIGGER AND THE MULE

Hee! Hee! Hee!  
Haw! Haw! Haw!  
I'm laughing like a jackass  
And I'm laughing like a fool,  
For down in Alabama  
It always is the rule,  
That where you see a nigger  
You will always see a mule.

Hee! Hee! Hee!  
Haw! Haw! Haw!  
I'm laughing like a jackass  
And laughing like a fool,  
'Tis taught in every college  
And taught in every school,  
That where you see a nigger  
You will always see a mule.

### THE WILD EYED COON

Ah done got a razor  
Ah done want to sell,  
Ah done needs the money  
Ah doan' feel so well;

The fo'ks all say ahm crazy  
And they take me for a loon,  
But ah wouldn't sell a razor  
To a wild eyed coon.

Ah may be looking shabby  
But ah done know mah biz,  
Fo' I hear that Rastus saying  
He am gwine to get his;

The fo'ks all say ahm crazy  
And they take me for a loon,  
But ah wouldn't sell a razor  
To a wild eyed coon.

### HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE

How happy are the darkies  
As they sing this chorus o'er,  
Hard times come again no more.  
The cabin has a shutter  
And the cabin has a door;  
Hard times come again no more.  
There's a curtain in the window,  
And a carpet on the floor,  
Hard times come again no more.  
There's plenty in the cupboard  
And there's credit at the store;  
Hard times come again no more.  
And they sing aloud their praises,  
For the blessing ever more  
That hard times, hard times  
Come again no more.

### JONAH AND THE WHALE

The ark is coming up the road,  
Said Hannah Jordan, with a load,  
And I guess I'll get aboard  
Before that river I have to ford;  
And besides said Hannah pale  
I don't like that Jonah Whale,  
And if that ark done try to balk  
Ah can jes' get out and walk.

### THE PLACARD

Who wants to buy, I want to sell  
A swayback mule sound and well,  
Warranted broke and does not kick,  
Willing to work and never sick;  
And Sambo read and scratched his head  
And pondered long and then he said,  
The man that wrote that no kick rule  
Is talking bull and not a mule.

### NIGGER GIN

Rastus to the Doctor went  
With a lot of ills and not a cent,  
And this is the way he told the physician  
How he felt in his condition;  
Ah can't sleep and ah can't eat  
And ah can't stand upon mah feet,  
Mah tongue am hot mah feet am cool  
And ah done feel jes' like a fool;  
The doctor heard his mournful cries  
The doctor saw his bleary eyes,  
Saw his symptoms and grimaces,  
Saw the effects and the traces;  
And raising his finger in the air  
Bade him heed his warning there,  
Foh you done got, said Doctor Grin,  
A very bad case of Nigger Gin.

### THE DARKY

A piece of night and for his eyes  
Two clouds from out the morning skies,  
And for his mouth and for his laugh  
A water-melon cut in half;  
Live today and lack tomorrow  
All of joy and naught of sorrow,  
Half a homily, half a joke  
There's your darky, there's your smoke.

### THAT HOUN' DAWG

That houn' dawg, said Rastus Jones,  
Done send a chill through all mah bones,  
Ahm jes' a walking round and round  
And I always shiver when I hear that houn'.  
He bays at the moon, and he bays at the tree,  
He bays at the shadow and he bays at me,  
Ahm jes' a walking round and round  
But I got to shiver when I hear that houn'.

### TOTIN' ALONG

Old black Joe went ambling along  
And old black Joe has a happy old song,  
The hill is long that I got to climb  
But I'll keep on climbing all the time;  
And all you got to do when the world goes wrong  
Is to keep on totin', totin' along.



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*Plantation Pieces, Camp Meeting Songs*

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The burden is heavy that my back must bear  
But the Lord done keep me in His care,  
And the Lord is good and the Lord is kind  
And rest and shade I am sure to find;  
And all you got to do when the world goes wrong  
Is to keep on totin', totin' along.

OH LORD NOT ME

Who stole the woodpile and the axe?  
Who turns the turtles on their backs?  
Who had some chickens in some funny looking  
sacks?  
Oh Lord, not me.  
Who went fishing and stepped on a toad?  
Who saw a bat fly over the road?  
Who didn't have a rabbit's foot when the hen  
crowed?  
Oh Lord, not me.

ANTE-BELLUM

Ante-Bellum I knew her well  
And Parson Jones began to tell  
The virtues of an old black Mammy  
Who had a son whose name was Sammy,  
Who had a niece whose name was Ethel  
Who went to Sunday school in Bethel;  
And so the Parson strung his lyre  
Until he proved himself a liar,  
For Ante-Bellum means befoh'  
All that trouble called the wah.

## THE CAKE WALK

Just see them darkies walking  
Just watch the steps they take,  
For the darkies all are walking  
And walking for that cake.

The feathers on them ladies  
Was something fine and grand,  
And every colored gentlemen  
Had a flower in his hand.

Such strutting and such perking  
No peacock bird could make,  
Like them happy darkies  
When walking for that cake.

What cared they for dem tight shoes?  
What if their corns did ache?  
They am just too happy  
Walking for that cake.

And Rastus scraped the fiddle  
And Rastus called the turns,  
And the way that fiddle whistled  
He sure his money earns.

All hands on the carpet,  
Every one go in pairs,  
Step lively round the corners  
And look out for dem chairs.

Up and down the parlor  
I thought their necks would break,  
The way them darkies held their heads  
Walking for that cake.

### SOUTHERN LULLABY

There is a Southern lullaby  
And I'm going to sing the tune,  
Big eye—bright eye  
Shining like the moon.

I heard it on the Swanee  
In the merry month of June,  
Big eye—bright eye  
Shining like the moon.

And I was watching Hannah  
As she ladeled with a spoon,  
Big eye—bright eye  
Shining like the moon.

And she was softly cooing  
The music of the croon,  
Big eye—bright eye  
Shining like the moon.

For down in Alabama  
'Tis the asset of the coon,  
Big eye—bright eye  
Shining like the moon.

POMPEYS' PLEA

Tide me over the winter,  
Tide me over the snow,  
Send me back to Georgia  
Where the winds don't blow;  
I don't like the winter,  
I don't like the cold,  
For I'm only a poor old nigger  
Who's growing very old.

The crow he got his feathers  
In the wing and tail,  
But scanty are my garments  
And my shoes are frail;  
So send me back to Georgia  
Where the winds don't blow,  
For I'm only a poor old nigger  
Who has nowheres to go.

THEN YOU'LL COME BACK TO DIXIE

You said good bye to Dixie,  
You bade her your adieu,  
You left the blackbirds singing  
And you left the skylarks too;  
But when the north winds gather  
And tumble round their snows,  
Then you'll come back to Dixie  
Where the sweet magnolia grows.

The snowy fields of cotton  
And the sunny fields of corn,  
No longer could enchant you  
To the place where you was born;  
But when your heart grows weary  
And you sigh to see the rose,  
Then you'll come back to Dixie  
Where the Swanee river flows.

### CORNFIELDS

The cornfields, the cornfields  
Waving in the air,  
Waving in the sunshine  
And waving green and fair;  
How I love the cornfields  
How I love to go  
Back to Louisiana,  
Where the cornfields grow.

The cornfields, the cornfields  
I never can forget,  
And often in my fancy  
I am toiling in them yet;  
And when my days are over  
I want my soul to go  
Back to Louisiana,  
Where the cornfields grow.

BEFO' DE WAH

I was bo'n Sah in a cabin,  
A cabin very small,  
It didn't have a chimney  
And it didn't have a hall;  
But it had a big sunflower  
Growing round the door,  
And this was long ago, Sah,  
Long befo' de wah.

Long befo' the wah, Sah,  
Long befo' de wah,  
The darkies they were singing,  
The banjos they were ringing,  
Down in old Virginia  
Long befo' de wah.

I was bo'n down in the Souf, Sah,  
Upon a little farm,  
The days were bright and sunny  
And the nights were bright and warm;  
The rabbit and the turtle  
Would come around the door,  
And this was long ago, Sah,  
Long befo' de wah.

Long befo' de wah, Sah,  
Long befo' de wah,  
Down in old Virginy  
I was a pickaninny,  
Long befo' de wah, Sah,  
Long befo' de wah.

### WHAT FOH I DUNNO

I done get arrested  
    What foh, I dunno.  
I wasn't near that hen house  
    When that rooster crow;  
I didn't see that rooster  
    When that rooster crow,  
But I done get arrested  
    What foh, I dunno.

I done get arrested  
    What foh, I dunno.  
I wasn't near that wood pile  
    When dem breezes blow;  
I didn't see that wood pile  
    When dem breezes blow,  
I done get arrested  
    But what foh, I dunno.

SERENADE

Smiling moon, rising soon  
Over the hills, over the rills  
And I'm thinking of my Dinah,  
And the smiling silvery moon.

Smiling moon, silvery moon  
All the flowers, scent the bowers  
And I'm thinking of my Dinah,  
And the smiling silvery moon.

Smiling moon, silvery moon  
Twitter the birds, low the herds  
And I'm thinking of my Dinah,  
And the smiling silvery moon.

Smiling moon, silvery moon  
The nights ajar, I see the star  
And I long to be with Dinah,  
And the smiling silvery moon.

DINAH

Dinah! Dinah! I see Dinah there.  
Dinah! Dinah! Dinah I declare  
All the boys are jealous  
See them pull their hair,  
When my Dinah's coming  
And I see Dinah there.



Dinah! Dinah! just see Dinah's hair.  
Dinah! Dinah! Dinah is so fair,  
All the boys are jealous  
They could almost swear,  
When my Dinah's coming  
And I see Dinah there.

### DINAH MINE

Dinah! Dinah is my gal,  
You can have your Sue or Sal,  
But the one that pleases me  
Is my Dinah that you see.

Dinah! Dinah! Dinah mine,  
Her eyes sparkle, her eyes shine,  
And where a gal so choice and fine  
Like my Dinah, Dinah, mine.

She is plump and she is fair  
With coal black eyes and coal black hair,  
And on her hand she is going to wear  
A big gold ring that I'll put there.

Dinah! Dinah! Dinah mine.  
Her eyes sparkle, her eyes shine,  
And where a gal so choice and fine  
Like my Dinah, Dinah mine.

MANDY'S PARTY

Mandy gave a party  
The fame of which was wide,  
And Mandy did the cooking  
For that was Mandy's pride;  
There were chickens, there were possums,  
There was hoe cake and a boar,  
And Mandy says I'm coming  
When I lock that kitchen door.

The smell of all that kitchen  
Pervaded every room,  
Just like a sweet potato  
In sweet potato bloom;  
The dancers all were merry,  
The revelry galore,  
And Mandy says I'm coming  
When I lock that kitchen door.

And Mandy in the kitchen  
Was busy as the bees,  
Baking crispy biscuits  
And shelling juicy peas;  
The call went round for Mandy  
And went round more and more  
But Mandy says I'm coming  
When I lock this kitchen door.

At last the supper's ready,  
At last the work is done,  
And raging fast and furious  
Went on the nigger fun;  
The coons began to grumble  
And the coons began to jaw,  
But Mandy says I'm coming  
When I lock this kitchen door.

For Mandy knew them niggers  
And Mandy knew them coons,  
She knew them possums baking  
Would start them nigger croons;  
So let them niggers holler,  
Said Mandy with a roar,  
And tell them coons I'm coming  
When I lock this kitchen door.

### AUNT JEMIMA

Aunt Jemima laughed so loud  
She looked just like a thunder cloud,  
Her mouth would open like a door  
And then there came an awful roar;  
It used to all the babies wake,  
It used to all the ceiling shake,  
And I'm laughing, laughing yet  
At Aunt Jemima's cheeks so wet.

### SHUFFLIN' FEET

There's music in the banjo,  
There's music soft and sweet,  
When playing in the evening  
To rest the weary feet;  
And when the banjo's playing  
And playing soft and sweet,  
I can't keep from shufflin'  
From shufflin' these old feet.

The rheum am in my fingers  
And the rheum am in my feet,  
And I can only hobble  
When I go along the street;  
And when the harps of Zion  
Send out their tones so sweet,  
I can't keep from shufflin'  
From shufflin' these old feet.

### WHEN I GET OVER THE RIVER

When I get over the river,  
That river deep and wide,  
How great will be my pleasure,  
How great will be my pride;  
The angels will be standing  
For every one to see,  
And when I get over the river  
Moses will meet me.

When I get over the river  
And reach old Jordan's shore,  
I want to see my loved ones  
That all have gone before;  
And there amid that gathering  
For every one to see  
Moses will be standing  
And waiting there for me.

### UNCLE TOM

Uncle Tom is singing  
And singing soft and low,  
His hair is almost silvered  
And his steps are very slow;  
And still he keeps on singing  
As he treads among the gorse,  
One more ribber, one more ribber  
One more ribber to cross.

The day is bright and cheerful  
The sky shows not a cloud,  
And Uncle Tom keeps singing  
In the vineyard with the crowd;  
And still he keeps on singing  
With all his vocal force,  
One more ribber, one more ribber  
One more ribber to cross.

FOLK SONG

White folks, white folks  
Want to shine,  
Drink a lot of whiskey,  
Drink a lot of wine;  
And white folks, white folks  
Don't take it ill,  
Ef when you talk—  
I done keep still.

White folks, white folks  
You am proud,  
You done talk big  
And you done talk loud;  
And white folks, white folks  
Don't take it ill,  
Ef when you talk—  
I done keep still.

White folks, white folks  
Make a lot of noise,  
Talk about their pleasures,  
Talk about their joys;  
And white folks, white folks  
Don't take it ill,  
Ef when you talk—  
I done keep still.

White folks, white folks  
Where am your brains,  
Doing all these things  
Fo' yo' pains;  
And white folks, white folks  
Don't take it ill,  
Ef when you talk—  
I done keep still.

### THE POOR WHITE MAN

The poor white man,  
The poor white man,  
Living up north  
In a cold white land;  
Never saw a banjo  
Or heard a nigger band,  
And I'd rather be a nigger  
Than a po' white man.

The poor white man,  
The poor white man,  
Never saw a possum  
Or a possum in a pan.  
Never had a chicken  
Or a razor in his hand,  
And I'd rather be a nigger  
Than a po' white man.

POSSUM PIE

Carve that possum, Hannah  
Carve that possum soon,  
For the pan am ready  
And here am the spoon;  
Carve him in de quarters,  
Carve him in de thigh,  
And carve that possum, Hannah  
Foh a possum pie.

Carve that possum, Hannah  
Carve the fat and lean,  
For that meat am the juiciest  
That I have ever seen;  
Carve him in de quarters,  
Carve him in de thigh,  
And carve that possum, Hannah  
Foh a possum pie.

THE GRINNING NIGGER MAN

When you make a hoe cake  
You want to make it quick,  
Stir it in the basin  
And stir it with a stick;  
Bake it in the oven,  
Bake it in a pan,  
And then just watch the antics  
Of that grinning nigger man.



When you eat a hoe cake  
You want to eat it hot,  
Take it from the oven  
And eat it on the spot;  
Hold it in the middle,  
Hold it in your han'  
And then just watch the antics  
Of that grinning nigger man.

### I'M THERE

Every different nigger  
Has a different taste,  
You can see it in their manner,  
You can see it in their face;  
Some might want a turtle,  
Some might want a bear,  
But when you say rabbit  
I'm there.

Possum is too juicy,  
Chicken is too dry,  
Watermelon lovely  
When they take the eye;  
Some might want a turkey,  
Some might want a hare,  
But when you say rabbit  
I'm there.

THE DARKY'S PRAYER

Oh, Massa of all Massas  
Where the ribber Jordan flows,  
Where the darkies all am welcome  
In their poor and ragged clothes;  
Dis darky am a pleading,  
His lips done move in prayer,  
And help a poor old nigger  
Till he done get there.

I ask no more of Massa  
Than Massa give to me,  
He made my labor plenty  
And he made my labor free;  
The way am long and weary,  
The load am hard to bear,  
And help a poor old nigger  
Till he done get there.

For all of Massa's kindness  
And Massa's ways to men,  
My heart am full of glory  
And my lips will say amen;  
But Jordan and the shadows  
Are sometimes hard to bear,  
And help a poor old nigger  
Till he done get there.

OLD BLACK JOE

Old Black Joe went hobbling,  
Went hobbling down the street,  
Rags upon his shoulders  
And rags upon his feet.

He told a simple story  
That I would have you know,  
The gospel of the toiler  
And the gospel of the hoe.

Bo'n down in the Souf, Sah,  
Bo'n befo' de wah,  
I never knew my Mother  
Nor what my life was for.

They talk about the bible  
And where I've got to go,  
But I couldn't learn the bible  
When I had to learn the hoe.

And when I get to heaven  
Where any weeds done grow,  
I guess the Lord will take me  
If I show the Lord my hoe.

And as a finite judgment  
On creeds and things below,  
I want no better argument  
Than old Black Joe.

WE'LL ALL GO TO HEAVEN WHEN  
WE DIE

Chillun don't worry,  
Chillun don't fret,  
When the sky am dark  
And the ground am wet;  
The Lord am good  
And we've only got to try  
And we'll all go to heaven  
When we die.

We'll all go to heaven  
When we die,  
We'll all go to heaven  
When we die;  
The Lord am good  
And we've only got to try,  
And we'll all go to heaven  
When we die.

Look to the east  
And look to the west,  
And look to the place  
That you think best;  
For somewhere in the heaven  
There's a rainbow in the sky,  
And we'll all go to heaven  
When we die.

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*Plantation Pieces, Camp Meeting Songs*

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We'll all go to heaven  
When we die,  
We'll all go to heaven  
When we die;  
For somewhere in the heaven  
There's a rainbow in the sky,  
And we'll all go to heaven  
When we die.

The night may come  
And the day be late,  
And all you got to do  
Is to trust and wait;  
So chillun don't weep  
And chillun don't sigh,  
For we'll all go to heaven  
When we die.

We'll all go to heaven  
When we die,  
We'll all go to heaven  
When we die;  
So chillun don't weep  
And chillun don't sigh,  
For we'll all go to heaven  
When we die.

WHEN THE LORD SAY COME

Glory, Hallelujah!  
To the blood of the lamb,  
I've got a new song  
And the song is a psalm;  
Get out of the way,  
Get off the track,  
Get off old devil—  
Get off my back;  
The Lord am a comin'  
For I hear the big drum  
And I'm gwine up to heaven  
When the Lord say come.

Glory, Hallelujah!  
To the blood of the lamb,  
Glory, Hallelujah!  
What a saint I am;  
That old devil—  
He gave me a frown,  
But I turned to that devil  
And I knocked him down;  
I'm gwine to Canaan  
And Canaan gwine to hum,  
When I see the Lord comin'  
And the Lord say come.

## THE DARKY DRUM AND FIFE CORPS

The darky drum and fife corps  
Is marching on parade,  
The avenue is crowded  
And the favorite tune is played;  
And the pride of all that company  
Was not the major tall—  
But it was the big bass drummer  
And his little sheepskin ball.

Boom, boom, boom!  
Boom, boom, boom!  
Bumpety, bumpety,  
Boom, boom, boom;  
See those elbows flying  
Dispersing every gloom,  
Bumpety, bumpety,  
Boom, boom, boom.

The darky drum and fife corps  
Is marching on parade,  
The windows all are opened  
By the smiling man and maid;  
And the pride of all that company  
Was not the major tall—  
But it was the big bass drummer  
And his little sheepskin ball.

WHILE JORDAN'S IN THE WAY

Roll on, thou fiery pillar  
Roll on, roll on your way,  
Roll on in the night time  
And roll on in the day;  
The Lord am all around us,  
It cannot come this way,  
Oh Glory Hallelujah!  
While Jordan's in the way.

Roll on, thou fiery pillar  
Roll on, roll on your way,  
It cannot touch the righteous  
Who to the Lord will pray;  
It cannot touch the holy,  
It cannot come this way,  
Oh Glory Hallelujah!  
While Jordan's in the way.

CANAAN

Canaan thou art lovely,  
Canaan of my dreams,  
Thy mountains and thy valleys,  
Thy woodlands and thy streams;  
Canaan's over the river,  
Canaan's very near;  
I can't go to Canaan  
But the Lord sends Canaan here.



Cooling are thy waters,  
Thy pastures rich abound,  
Thy flocks and fleece are legion  
And always to be found;  
Canaan's over the river,  
Canaan's very near;  
I can't go to Canaan  
But the Lord sends Canaan here.

### PUSH DEM CLOUDS AWAY

Elijah I is coming,  
I'se coming in the morn,  
I'se coming in a hurry  
And I'se coming to the horn;  
So get the chariot ready,  
I'se coming there to stay,  
And when you see me comin'  
Oh push dem clouds away.

The Jordan am a rollin'  
And smoky am the plain,  
And I'se afraid of lightnin'  
And I'se afraid of rain;  
So when you see me comin'  
I'se coming there to stay,  
So have that chariot ready  
And push dem clouds away.

CHRISTMAS AM A COMIN'

All the day long—  
I worry and fret,  
Something goes wrong  
That I cannot forget  
But go away raincloud,  
Go away fly—  
Christmas am a comin'  
And I ain't going to cry.

All the day long—  
I worry and fret,  
Something gwine to happen  
Or I get in debt.  
But go away trouble  
Go away sigh—  
Christmas am a comin'  
And I ain't going to cry.

Christmas am a comin',  
Comin' on the way,  
Christmas am a comin'  
And tomorrow am the day.  
There's a possum in the cellar  
And a porker in the sty—  
Christmas am a comin'  
And I ain't going to cry.

THE BREAK DOWN

My old wagon, chillun,  
Isn't very sound,  
It been a good old wagon  
But it done broke down.

The axle's out of order  
And the wheels won't go round,  
It been a good old wagon  
But it done broke down.

It trundled in the cotton  
And it trundled into town,  
It been a good old wagon  
But it done broke down.

And now I have to sell it  
To my neighbor, Mr. Brown,  
It been a good old wagon  
But it done broke down.

And I hope a better master  
My poor old wagon's found,  
For it been a good old wagon  
Before it done broke down.

### DEM SHOES

Look here nigger at my feet,  
Ain't them lovely and ain't them sweet?  
Ah jes' bought 'em, they're only two's  
And ah gave a dollar for dem shoes.  
Look here nigger what you see,  
All dem folks done look at me,  
Glory! Glory! I need the blues  
For I'se too happy in dem shoes.

### THE OLD MULE'S TAIL

That old mule's tail  
Am a swinging to and fro,  
Swinging like a pendulum  
And swinging high and low.  
And I thought it was a windstorm  
And I thought it was a gale  
When riding with my Dinah  
And that old mule's tail.

That old mule's tail  
Am a swinging to and fro,  
Swinging when I'm coming  
And swinging when I go.  
And I thought he was a threshing  
And I thought it was a flail  
When riding with my Dinah  
And that old mule's tail.

THE GOOD, GOOD NEWS

Go away hunger—  
    Knockin' on the door,  
Go away cold wind  
    Come around no more.  
Tell all your folks  
    The good good news—  
Moses am a comin'  
    And we'll all have shoes.

Barefoot in the summer—  
    Barefoot in the cold,  
Barefoot when you're married  
    And barefoot when you're old.  
But tell all the folks  
    The good good news—  
Moses am a comin'  
    And we'll all have shoes.

### THE SONG OF DAVID

David was a great big King—  
Sing a song of David,  
His crown was gold, and so was his ring—  
Sing a song of David.  
He took a stone and he took a sling—  
Sing a song of David,  
And a great big giant down he bring—  
Sing a song of David;  
Oh glory to the heavenly King  
Singing the song of David.

### SOMETHING FOR THE BLUES

I met a yaller nigger  
And he was looking very sad,  
And he told me of his sorrow  
And the feelings that he had;  
He wasn't lacking money  
And he wasn't lacking news,  
But still he wanted something  
That was something for the blues,

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*Plantation Pieces, Camp Meeting Songs*

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Something for the blues,  
Something for the blues,  
He was wanting something,  
Something for the blues;  
It might have been a possum  
Or it might have been new shoes,  
But he was wanting something  
That was something for the blues.

Just then there started playing  
A minstrel nigger band,  
And it was playing Dixie  
Way down in Dixieland;  
And that nigger very happy  
Began to shout and muse,  
The band is playing something  
That is something for the blues.

Something for the blues,  
Something for the blues,  
He was wanting something,  
Something for the blues;  
It might have been a possum  
Or it might have been new shoes,  
But he was wanting something  
That was something for the blues.

DIXIE FAR AWAY

I hear the banjos playing  
And I hear the banjos ring,  
I hear the darkies dancing  
And I hear the darkies sing;  
And my heart is ever longing  
For that ne'er forgotten day,  
When I was down in Dixie  
In Dixie far away.

The essence of Ole Virginny  
And the fancy buck and wing,  
The banjos still are playing  
While the darkies dance and sing;  
My steps are slow and feeble  
And my hair is turning gray,  
But my heart is ever longing  
For the Dixie far away.

REFRAINS

I want to be an angel  
Dwelling in the sky,  
I want to be an angel,  
An angel when I die.



Daniel and the lion  
In the lion's den,  
I want to be like Daniel  
In the lion's den.

I want to be Elijah  
And have a saint's reward,  
I want to be Elijah  
Elijah of the Lord.

### GLORY

I met old Satan walking  
And Satan wanted to know,  
All about my business  
And where I was going to go;  
And I told old Satan smiling  
When he wanted to know my name,  
Oh, I told him, Hallelujah!  
That Glory was my name.

And now when I go walking  
Old Satan don't come near,  
He knows I am converted  
And that my skirts are clear;  
And when old Satan smiling  
Wants to know your name,  
Oh tell him, Hallelujah!  
That Glory is your name.

SATAN AND THE SHEEP

The Lord he is our Shepherd  
And we're the Lord's black sheep,  
Cut along old Satan  
Cut along bo-peep.

A wolf got in among us  
When we were fast asleep,  
Cut along old Satan  
Cut along bo-peep.

But the Lord he sent to guard us  
An angel in our sleep,  
Cut along old Satan  
Cut along bo-peep.

And now we praise the Shepherd  
That we are still his sheep,  
Cut along old Satan  
Cut along bo-peep.

### HOT CORN

Hot corn! hot corn!  
Hot corn, good and hot,  
Hot corn on the fire  
And hot corn in the pot;  
Come and get your hot corn  
Come and get it, and  
You won't begrudge the nickel  
To the hot corn man.

Hot corn! hot corn!  
Hot corn, good and hot,  
Hot corn on the fire  
And boiling in the pot;  
Just you try that hot corn—  
Just you try it, and  
You won't begrudge the nickel  
To the hot corn man.

Hot corn! hot corn!  
Hot corn, good and hot,  
Hot corn on the fire  
And steaming in the pot;  
There's the salt and pepper—  
Eat it where you stand,  
And you won't begrudge the nickel  
To the hot corn man.

Hot corn! hot corn!  
Hot corn from the south,  
Growing in the garden  
And melting in the mouth.  
See me shuck that hot corn—  
See me shuck it, and  
You won't begrudge the nickel  
To the hot corn man.

### WHEN YOU GET BACK TO DIXIE

I'm going back to Dixie,  
My heart is so forlorn,  
I'm going back to Dixie,  
To Dixie in the morn;  
And when you get back to Dixie,  
To Dixie fond and true,  
Tell all my friends in Dixie  
That I am coming too.

I'm going back to Dixie,  
To Dixie and the corn,  
I'm going back to Dixie,  
For I was Dixie born;  
And when you get back to Dixie  
And Dixie's skies so blue,  
Tell all my friends in Dixie  
That I am coming too.

THE OLD BLACK MULE

Whoa dar, Snowball,  
You old black fool,  
Said old Tom the driver  
To his old black mule.

Your harness am easy  
And your load am light,  
So quit your kicking  
And all that spite.

I done got my troubles  
With dem dar wheels,  
Without keeping out of  
The reach of yo' heels.

And den such manners  
I nebber did see,  
Your feet am a showing  
Their corns to me.

You ain't an angel  
And you can't fly,  
So quit your kicking  
Dem heels so high.

You am so homely  
And so forlorn,  
A pity poor Snowball  
You ebber was born.

I jes' done gib you  
All yo' oats,  
And you get frighten'  
At dem steamboats.

But that am the market  
Whar this cotton am gwine,  
And say, Mr. Snowball,  
Whar you gwine?

And whar am the money  
For to pay the rents?  
And say, Mr. Snowball,  
Whar am yo' sense?

Ah done declare,  
Mah goodness grace,  
If dat old Snowball  
Done bus' a trace.

And jes' for dat  
An' breakin' dem hames,  
I done call you  
All dem names.

See dat Snowball,  
See dat mule,  
Whoa dar, Snowball,  
You big ole fool.

You'll get a good supper  
And you'll get a good bed,  
So quit that fooling  
Or I'll break your head.

And the mule thinking wisely  
Of Tom and his quip,  
Went off sedately  
To the touch of his whip.

And sitting by the wayside  
Of the thicket and the pool,  
I heard Tom lecture  
His Old Black Mule.

### SPINDLES

Dat ole Spindles was a mule,  
A graduate of every mule school.  
Golly! golly! how dat feels—  
Look out Spindles fo' dem heels.

He kick at the fly, an' he kick at the moon,  
He kick too late, an' he kick too soon—  
And golly! golly! how dat feels—  
'Ware ole Spindles, 'ware dem heels.

Ef yo' want to kick, an' kick so high—  
Just push dem clouds out from de sky  
But golly! golly! how it feels—  
To get in touch wif' Spindles' heels.

LICKIN' THE GOAT

I saw a big nigger  
Butting a mule,  
He butted him hot  
And he butted him cool;  
And I heard him say  
As he took off his coat,  
"You might lick a nigger  
But you can't lick a goat."

He butted him black  
And he butted him blue,  
And he almost butted  
That mule in two;  
And I heard him say  
As he put on his coat,  
"You might lick a nigger  
But you can't lick a goat."

The mule he stand  
And the mule he feel  
Jes' like a prisoner  
When he steal;  
And he ought to know better  
When he leave his cote,  
Not to go fooling  
With a Billy Goat.



GRACIOUS HOW THAT CHILE  
DONE GROW

Gracious! how that chile done grow,  
Said a snowball white as snow,  
To a sunflower all aglow—  
Gracious how that chile done grow.  
Once it was so wee and small  
Now it is so big and tall,  
I am like a mite below—  
Gracious! how that chile done grow.

LAMENTING THE CORN

Rastus limped along the street,  
Something the matter with his feet,  
He wheezed, he shuffled and he grunted  
Just like a boar by hunters hunted;  
And to a friend who asked the reason  
Of such distress in such a season,  
Rastus all his pity scorns  
And simply tells about his corns;  
My corns am big, my corns am hot  
And corns am all mah feet has got,  
And if these corns doan' stop their achin'  
Ah'll surely think mah feet am bakin';  
And as I heard his lamentations  
I thought of cornfields and plantations,  
For Rastus had a pair of feet  
Not often seen upon the street;  
And if his corns hurt to their size  
I don't wonder at his cries.

MAMMY I LOVE YOU

Mammy I love you,  
With your red bandanna,  
And Chloe or Hannah,  
Mammy I love you.

Mammy I love you  
With your face so wrinkled,  
And your rings that tinkled,  
Mammy I love you.

Mammy I love you,  
Jemina or Dinah,  
My heart will shrine her,  
Mammy I love you.

Mammy I love you,  
The Blacker the better,  
With your iron fetter,  
Mammy I love you.

Mammy I love you,  
With your kinky hair,  
And your feet so bare,  
Mammy I love you.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE BONES

Be seated merry gentlemen,  
The minstrel show is on,  
The coons are in regalia  
And their dancing shoes they don;  
And then you hear announcing  
In the most alluring tones,  
Mr. Sam is tambo  
And Mr. Tam is bones.

The sunflowers are in blossom,  
The sunflowers are in bloom,  
And sweet the balmy incense  
That floats around the room;  
They dance just like the crickets  
Would dance upon the stones,  
But there's nothing like the playing  
Of the gem'men with the bones.

They do the jig and two-step,  
They do the fancy reel,  
They're dancing with the toe-step  
And dancing with the heel;  
Up and down they're rolling,  
You can almost hear the groans,  
And see the eyelids quivering  
Of the gem'men with the bones.

They never stop for succor,  
They never pause for rest,  
The show devolves upon them  
And they're giving up their best;  
The tambos tinkle merrily  
And sweet the banjo's tones,  
But there's nothing like the playing  
Of the gem'men of the bones.

### THE MISSISSIPPI

Roll on, Mississippi—  
Roll on, wide and deep,  
I see the shadows coming  
And I see the shadows creep;  
There are windings there are turnings,  
There's the shallow and the ford,  
Rush by, river, rush by—  
Rush by to the Lord.

Roll on, Mississippi—  
Roll on, between your banks,  
There are cabins in your forests  
And cornfields on your flanks;  
The darkies' work is over,  
At rest the hoe and gourd,  
Rush by, river, rush by—  
Rush by to the Lord.

ANGEL SOUND THAT TRUMP

Angel! sound that trump,  
That great good day proclaim,  
When I shall stand before the Lord  
And hear his blessed name.

Angel! sound that trump,  
And sound it loud and clear,  
Which tells the judgment day is come  
And Christ the Lord is here.

And angel sound that trump!  
For I want to hear the sound,  
Which tells the Lord is near at hand  
And Moses done come round.

DON'T YOU WANT TO GO ALONG

A mighty tide is rising  
And it's rising very fast,  
And the ark is ready waiting  
And it's waiting to the last;  
It's going down the river,  
Don't you want to go along?  
And there's room for every sinner  
If you'll only go along.

The tide is on the river  
And the tide is on the shore,  
And the ark is rocking, rocking  
Like it never did before;  
It's going down the river,  
Don't you want to go along?  
And there's room for every sinner  
If you'll only go along.

### THE GOLDEN STAIR

When I go up that golden stair  
Them golden slippers I am gwine to wear,  
And all my friends will be waiting there  
When I go up that golden stair.

That golden stair, that golden stair,  
When I go up that golden stair,  
Them golden slippers I am gwine to wear  
When I go up that golden stair.

Moses will be waiting there  
And Canaan show its face so fair,  
And them golden slippers I am gwine to wear  
When I go up that golden stair.

That golden stair, that golden stair,  
When I go up that golden stair,  
Them golden slippers I am gwine to wear  
When I go up that golden stair.

DOWN UPON THE LEVEE

Down upon the levee  
The moon is all aglow,  
Down upon the levee  
Where the coons all go.

The river seems to slumber  
So peaceful is its flow,  
Down upon the levee  
Where the coons all go.

There goes a dusky maiden  
With her banjo and her beau,  
Down upon the levee  
Where the coons all go.

There is music, there is dancing  
With the fiddle and the bow,  
Down upon the levee  
Where the coons all go.

And if I was in Dixie  
The first place I would go,  
Would be down upon the levee  
Where the coons all go.

RAGTIME

Ragtime, ragtime,  
That am a happy time,  
Down around the levee  
In the evening time;  
The banjos am a playing  
And the feet begin to chime,  
Down around the levee  
In the evening time.

Ragtime, ragtime,  
That am a happy time,  
Down around the levee  
In the evening time;  
The fiddles am a playing  
And the song begins to chime,  
Down around the levee  
In the evening time.

Ragtime, ragtime,  
That am a happy time,  
Down around the levee  
In the evening time;  
The boys are bright and jolly  
And the girls are just sublime,  
Down around the levee  
In the evening time.



RASTUS JOHNSON'S IDYL TO HIS MULE

Git ap, git ap,  
    You lazy old mule,  
You never went to college  
    And you never went to school;  
You haven't any manners  
    And you're nothing but a fool,  
Git ap, git ap,  
    You lazy old mule.

Git ap, git ap,  
    You lazy old mule,  
I could hit you with a hammer  
    And hit you with a stool;  
You never keep a promise  
    And you never keep a rule,  
Git ap, git ap,  
    You scalawag mule.

Git ap, git ap,  
    You lazy old mule,  
I done a lot of swearing  
    Since I had that mule;  
You're nothing but a nuisance  
    And you're nothing but a fool,  
Git ap, git ap,  
    You lazy old mule.

Git ap, git ap,  
You scandalous old mule,  
I'll never get to heaven  
If I drive that mule;  
You're nothing but a nigger  
And you're nothing but a fool,  
And Rastus Johnson ended  
His idyl to his mule.

### DOING THE BEST HE CAN

The mule he got a very big load  
And he go up the hill,  
And he pull, and pull, and pull, and pull  
But that wagon done keep still;  
The driver start to get his whip,  
The mule he saw his hand,  
And he say to that driver, hold that whip  
Foh ahm doing the best ah can.

You might help lighten up mah load  
By walking up this hill,  
You might done let me rest a bit  
When I done do your will.  
The flies done bite me mos' to death,  
Mah shoes burn in the sand,  
And when you start to use that whip  
Ahm doing the best ah can.

## WHEN THE COONS ALL COME AROUND

Down in old Virginia  
My father had a farm,  
The nights were long and lovely  
And the days were bright and warm;  
And of all the grinning faces  
That ever made a sound,  
You ought to hear the laughing  
When the coons all came around.

The morning had its labor,  
The cotton fields their share,  
And evening had its pleasure  
When we were gathered there;  
And of all the fancy jumping  
That ever stirred the ground,  
You ought to see the dancing  
When the coons all came around.

And dulcet was the music  
And dulcet were the tones,  
And dulcet was the banjo  
And dulcet were the bones;  
And of all the happy hours  
That ever did abound,  
That happiest were the happiest  
When the coons all came around.

GLORY! HALLELUJAH!

When I die I want to go  
With all the darkies that I know,  
Glory! Hallelujah!

Moses come and take my hand  
Lead me to that better land,  
Glory! Hallelujah!

Over the river, over the ford,  
Over the darkness to my Lord,  
Glory! Hallelujah!

Let me then my Jesus see,  
Let him smile his smile on me,  
Glory! Hallelujah!

Let the bells of heaven ring,  
Let the angels start to sing,  
Glory! Hallelujah!

My old Mammy I shall see,  
Ephraim too will welcome me,  
Glory! Hallelujah!

For when I die I want to go  
With all the darkies that I know,  
Oh Glory Hallelujah!

MANDY

I know a buxom  
    And Mandy's her name,  
Her eyes are like opals,  
    Her teeth are the same;  
Her lips are like rubies  
    Now scarlet now flame,  
I know a buxom  
    And Mandy's her name.

I know a buxom  
    And Mandy's her name,  
From magnolia and moonlight  
    And Dixie she came;  
Her voice is like music,  
    Her smile is the same,  
I know a buxom  
    And Mandy's her name.

THE NIGGER

The Lord He made the nigger  
    And He made him in the night,  
He made him for the sunshine  
    And He made him for the light.

He took a piece of cotton  
    And He stuck it in his eye,  
And you'll always see a nigger  
    Like a cloud roll by.

The Lord He made the nigger  
And He made him in the night,  
He made him for the sunshine  
And He made him for the light.

He made him in a hurry  
And He made him to be heard,  
And you'll always hear a nigger  
And he's singing like a bird.

### A REAL GOOD TIME

"There's going to be a party,"  
Said Mr. Jackson Jones,  
A rather swarthy gentleman  
And almost skin and bones;  
"There'll be music, there'll be dancing,  
There'll be chicken fat and prime,  
And sharpen up your razors  
Fo' a real good time.

"Ahm going to that party,  
And ahm going to meet a coon,  
And settle a lil' argument  
Right in that party room;  
There'll be music, there'll be dancing,  
There'll be chicken fat and prime,  
And bring along your razors  
Fo' a real good time."

TAKE THAT FIDDLE ALONG

Old Moses he am calling,  
He am calling me away,  
I hear it all the night time  
And I hear it all the day.

I don't mind this here journey,  
It will not be for long,  
But when I take this journey  
I want my fiddle along.

I ain't got much to leave you,  
I gave my soul away,  
But that fiddle was my company  
Through many a weary day.

And when I go to heaven,  
It will not now be long,  
I'll leave all else behind me  
But I want that fiddle along.

The ague and the rheumatiz  
Have done got in my bones,  
And the only medicine that I know  
Am that ole fiddle's tones.

And when the harps and seraphs  
Are where they all belong,  
Oh then I'll be so happy  
To have that fiddle along.

I know its old and wormy  
And the bow and strings not strong,  
But while I am in heaven  
I want that fiddle along.

And mebbe that ole Moses  
When I tune up a song,  
Will say I'm glad old Ephraim  
You took that fiddle along.

### GWINE AWAY FOR CHRISTMAS

Dear friends I'se got to tell you,  
I'se got to tell the news,  
I'se gwine away for Christmas  
And I'se gwine to have new shoes.

The Lord he saw me walking  
And the Lord he says to me,  
Just come and see me Christmas  
And see what you will see.

And the Lord done give his blessing  
And the Lord done give his hand,  
And he make Ole Dinah happy  
To see that Christmas land.

So I'se gwine away for Christmas,  
Gwine to that happy shore,  
I'se gwine away for Christmas  
And I won't come back no more.



THE PARSON'S SERMON

"Brethren and Sistern," said Parson Jones,  
Raising his voice to its loudest tones,  
"The collection box am a gwine aroun'  
And some of that noise has a funny soun';  
It am just like a beggar with his pleas and groans,  
The thanks am many and so am the bones.

"Some fo'ks I know am quite so mean  
The collection box am nebber seen,  
But whar there's money lost and foun'  
There's them niggers nosin' aroun';  
I doan' want, I done tole you befo'  
And keep your han's off the pahsons door.

"The Lawd done love a cheerful giver,  
The Lawd done love, but it make me shiver,  
How it gwine to be without a cent  
A pahson gwine to preach and pay his rent;  
Ef you tell me, can tell me true  
What am the meaning of dem I. O. U.

"Aigs am aigs, and shells am shells  
An' weddin' bells am weddin' bells,  
But I done say this pahson am through  
With fricassed liver, and roustabout stew;  
It's time for the pahson to have a chicken dinner  
And for that chicken I'll forgive that sinner."

Early next morning on the parson's stoop  
There hung a fat pullet from a neighbor's coop,  
And written on a paper in a tremulous print  
Was this transcript of the parson's hint:  
Here am the chicken for the parson's dinner  
And it's up to the parson to save that sinner.

### THE COTTON FIELDS OF GEORGIA

The fields are bright, and the fields are white  
Down on the old plantation,  
And the darkies chant, and the darkies pant  
Some lullaby incantation;  
And the blossoms blow, and the blossoms grow  
And the fields are all in order,  
And down the row—the darkies go,  
In the cotton fields of Georgia.

The blackbird swings, and the blackbird sings  
His morning incantation,  
And the hawthorn white, is a cheery sight,  
Down on the old plantation;  
And the blossoms blow and the blossoms grow  
And the fields are all in order,  
And down the row—the darkies go,  
In the cotton fields of Georgia.

RIGHT AWAY

I sent a message  
To the Lord on high,  
To find me a place  
In the big blue sky;  
I called to an angel  
And gave him my note,  
And the angel went away  
In a cloudy boat;  
And what do you think  
The Lord done say,  
Come up chillun  
Right away.

Right away chillun, right away,  
Come up chillun, right away.

I asked the Lord  
When we were alone,  
To give me a place  
On the big white throne;  
For I saw Daniel  
And I saw John,  
All with the robes  
Of the angels on;  
The Lord he smile  
And the Lord he say,  
Come up chillun  
Right away.

Right away chillun, right away,  
Come up chillun, right away.

### THE FIERY FURNACE

The fiery furnace am burning hot  
And burning hot in every spot,  
And where am the sinner gwine to turn  
When the fiery furnace burn and burn.

The fiery furnace am so red—  
The flames jump up right over your head  
And where am the sinner gwine to turn  
When the fiery furnace burn and burn.

The devil stands beside that fire  
While the flames go shooting higher,  
And where am the sinner gwine to turn  
When the fiery furnace burn and burn.

The fiery furnace am down below  
Where all the sinners have got to go,  
And where am the sinner gwine to turn  
When the fiery furnace burn and burn.

And when I die, Oh Lord! I pray,  
Keep me away from that place that day,  
For where am the sinner gwine to turn  
When the fiery furnace burn and burn.

PICKANINNY POMPEY

Pickaninny Pompey  
Smiling meek and bland,  
Says "Good morning, Massa,  
I'se cum sah for the can.

"Mammy is a milking,  
The milk is in the pan,  
And Mammy says go hurry  
And get the Massa's can."

And Pickaninny Pompey  
Wonder eyed and bland,  
Says "Good morning, Massa"  
As I watch him stand.

I like this little Pompey  
And so I take his hand,  
And say to little Pompey  
"Cum Sah when you can."

RASTUS JOHNSON

Rastus Johnson was a coon,  
Holy smoke what eyes!  
As big as any shining moon  
Shining in the skies;  
Eyes all big and glorious,  
Eyes that would surprise,  
And if you doubt he is a coon  
Just you see dem eyes.

Rastus Johnson was a coon,  
Holy smoke what eyes!  
As bright as any shining moon  
Shining in the skies;  
Eyes all big and glistening,  
Eyes that would surprise,  
And if you doubt he is a coon  
Just you see dem eyes.

THE PICKANINNY BAND

Rastus is a crying—  
He hurt his lil' hand,  
And that's the way they start it,  
This pickaninny band,

And Hannah wants some hoe cake,  
The hoe cake in the pan,  
And then you hear a solo  
From the pickaninny band.

And Cæsar Alexander  
Is a quarreling in the sand,  
Another active member  
Of the pickaninny band.

And all day long and evening  
From Beersheba to Dan,  
They're playing and parading,  
This pickaninny band.

### THAT OLD FLY

That old fly done pester me—  
Go way dar and let me sleep,  
I hear him buzz and I hear him creep—  
Go way dar and let me sleep;  
You suah done make the angels weep—  
Go way dar and let me sleep,  
You bite the horse and you bite the sheep—  
Go way dar and let me sleep,  
And for the land's sake I don't want to die  
Boddered to death by that old fly.

### THE LIABILITY

Old Uncle Mose was explaining in detail  
High finance to his friend Mr. Quail,  
"An asset am this," said old Uncle Mose  
Pointing with pride to his tattered clothes;  
"It's what you have, and what you got—  
Cash in hand and on the spot,  
And a liability am what you owe—  
And you have no money for that debt to show;  
It am just like a chicken, that you want to borrow  
And liability says come around to morrow."  
"Am that a liability?" says suspicious Mr. Quail.  
"If that's a liability so am the jail."

### THE MENU

The African Methodist Episcopal churches  
Were having a picnic on the birches,  
And Rastus Johnson to show his friends  
His razor from his hip unbends;  
An officer saw the hostile act  
And thought a row was on in fact,  
So without his intervention  
He thought it best to simply mention  
The menu of the eats done say  
No smoked beef or hash today.



### BALM OF GILEAD

Can you imagine a cabin small  
Without a kitchen or a hall?  
And baking in a possum pan;  
A possum in the possum land;  
And gathered round it with their croons  
With eyes as big and bright as moons,  
A bunch of grinning pickaninnies—  
Hannahs, Chloes, Dinahs, Minnies;  
And then the mutual exclamation  
Half in phrensy and elation,  
Golly see that possum Iliad  
That am suah a balm of Gilead.

### THE ALLIGATOR

Whenever you see a nigger  
With a little mouth,  
Running north  
And running south,  
And with a cavern  
Like an extinct crater,  
That isn't a nigger  
That's an alligator.

### THE BANJO

The banjo, banjo, banjo bring,  
Let the banjo, banjo ring,  
For my spirit only sings  
When the banjo, banjo rings.

The banjo, banjo bring,  
Let the banjo, banjo ring,  
Then I'm crowned among the kings  
When the banjo, banjo rings.

### BRUSH DEM TEARS AWAY

The darkies weep and the darkies pray,  
Brush, oh brush dem tears away,  
Bring in a chicken on a tray,  
Brush, oh brush dem tears away.

And then a big watermelon in the same way,  
Brush, oh brush dem tears away,  
And when they are through you will hear them say  
All dem tears am brushed away.

WHEN THE GOLDEN TRUMPETS  
SOUND

When the golden trumpets sound  
Where will your soul be found,  
Standing around, standing around,  
When the golden trumpets sound.  
When the golden trumpets sound  
Where will my soul be found,  
With the crowned, with the crowned,  
When the golden trumpets sound.

RASTUS' FATE

Rastus Johnson had a cough  
And his demise was not far off,  
He called the doctor, called the nurse  
And said, "My cough is getting worse";  
The doctor cautioned rest and quiet  
And put a ban on Rastus' diet,  
No more chicken no more pie  
"Stop!" said Rastus with a sigh,  
"No more chicken, no more pie?  
Go away doctor let me die."

## THE WHANGDOODLE BAND

I went to hear a parson preach  
A sermon in a church,  
And all the coons were gathered round  
Wherever they could perch.

The parson preached about a trump  
And cymbals clang and bang,  
Until the carpets took a jump  
And all the rafters rang.

But Hannah Jones commenced to snore  
When listless dropped her hand,  
And that immediately started off  
The whole whangdoodle band.

And brother Thomas with his bass  
Essayed to lead the score,  
Until it seemed a storm had broke  
And muffled in its roar.

And Ephraim Squires solos played  
In such astounding tunes,  
The echoes traveled to the skies  
And floated to the moons.

And so it went from flute to flute,  
From cornet to the drum,  
You thought the Lord was surely here  
And all his kingdom come.

I never heard, I never saw  
A parson get so mad,  
He exasperated all the good  
And eulogised the bad.

The parson shouted and he raved  
And clenched it with his hand,  
The Lord have mussy on the souls  
Of that whangdoodle band.

### RASTUS AND HIS BANJO

Plunkety, plunkety, plunkety, plunk,  
Plunkety, plunkety, plunk, plunk, plunk,  
Plunkety, plunkety, plunkety, plunk—  
Plunkety, plunkety, plunk, plunk, plunk.

Ah done love mah honey all mah days,  
Ah done love mah honey and her ways,  
Ah done love into her eyes to gaze—  
Ah done love mah honey all mah days.

Plunkety, plunkety, plunkety, plunk,  
Plunkety, plunkety, plunk, plunk, plunk,  
Plunkety, plunkety, plunkety, plunk—  
Plunkety, plunkety, plunk, plunk, plunk.

Ah done love mah honey all mah days,  
Ah done love mah honey's ways to praise,  
Ah done love mah honey's honey ways—  
Ah done love mah honey all mah days.

MASSA'S GONE AWAY

Massa's gone away,  
Massa's gone away,  
I smell it in the clover  
And I smell it in the hay;  
The cocks don't crow so loudly,  
The mules don't seem to neigh,  
And everything is lonely  
Since Massa's gone away.

The honey-suckle lingers  
Around my cabin door,  
But gone it all its sweetness  
And all its bloom is o'er;  
And everywhere I wander  
My footsteps seem to say,  
How lonely is the homestead  
Since Massa's gone away.

SLAVERY DAYS

Slavery days, slavery days,  
They are gone with all their ways,  
Gone the hound and gone the hoe,  
Gone the labor and the woe;  
Gone the hardship and the curse,  
Gone the better and the worse,  
And our hearts are full of praise  
For the last of slavery days.

Slavery days, slavery days,  
They are gone with all their ways,  
Gone the block and gone the lash,  
Gone the blow and gone the gash;  
Gone the pillar and the chain,  
Gone the stigma and the pain,  
And our hearts are full of praise  
For the last of slavery days.

### MELON TIME IN GEORGIA

The stars begin to twinkle,  
The stars begin to shine,  
What makes those optics kindle,  
What makes those optics shine?  
And when you see them kindle  
And when you see them shine,  
It's melon time in Georgia  
And there's melons on the vine.

The stars begin to twinkle,  
The stars begin to shine,  
With ecstasy they kindle,  
With ecstasy they shine;  
And when you see them kindle  
It always is the sign,  
It's melon time in Georgia  
And there's melons on the vine.

### THE STEAMBOAT RIDE

All aboard the Natchez,  
All aboard the Lee,  
All aboard for Vicksburg,  
Or Memphis, Tennessee:  
They're tugging on the hawser  
And tugging on the tide  
And it's all aboard the steamboat  
For a steamboat ride.

Now she blows the whistle  
And now she blows the steam,  
Now she's on the river  
And going down the stream:  
They're going down the river  
And running with the tide  
And it's all aboard the steamboat  
For a steamboat ride.

Now they're in the current  
And racing like a team,  
Smoking are the funnels  
And busy is the beam:  
They're going down the river  
And going with the tide  
And it's all aboard the steamboat  
For a steamboat ride.



The darkies trim the cotton  
And the darkies trim the corn;  
They're piling on the fuel  
And the whistle is the horn:  
Going down the river  
Like snowy swans they glide  
And it's all aboard the steamboat  
For a steamboat ride.

Merry blow the whistles,  
Merry ring the bells;  
Churning are the paddles  
And foamy are the swells:  
And going down the river  
Running with the tide,  
What a glorious feeling  
On a steamboat ride.

### THE ORDERS

Orders please, orders gents—  
The dinner am ready and fifty cents.  
Chicken, watermelon, watermelon, chicken  
How dem orders thicken, thicken.  
Orders please, orders gents—  
The dinner am ready and fifty cents.  
Chicken, watermelon, watermelon, chicken.  
How dem orders quicken, quicken.—  
Look at the reason, look at dem moons,  
All dem orders come from coons.

MY RUBY RED ROSE

My rose is a red rose  
A rose you can see,  
'Tis the rose of the garland  
They call Tennessee.

Her eyes are like diamonds  
The diamonds that shine,  
And her lips are like corals  
And the pearls they entwine.

The damasks of the morning  
Ere the sun hath arose,  
Are seen in the bosoms  
Of my ruby red rose.

My rose is a red rose  
A rose you can see,  
'Tis the rose of the garland  
They call Tennessee.

DIXIE SO DEAR

There's a little log cabin in Dixie,  
In Dixie, in Dixie so dear,  
And often I think of the sunflower  
And often I wish I was near;  
There's a river that flows just beside it,  
There's a wood that is open and clear,  
And often I wish I was in it—  
In Dixie, in Dixie so dear.

The face of my mother before me  
The children at play on the floor,  
Are things that I often remember  
And things that I often adore;  
The lark has a nest in the wildwood,  
The voice of the cushat is near,  
And often I wish I was in it,  
In Dixie, in Dixie so dear.

MY PRETTY CREOLE BELLE

My pretty creole belle—  
How like a rose you smell—  
Thou hast a charm, my heart to balm,  
My pretty creole belle.

By the deep lagoon—  
And the light of the moon—  
I am coming soon, I am coming soon,  
My pretty creole belle.

My pretty creole belle—  
How can thy charms I tell—  
Thy soul brown eyes, they fervid dyes,  
My pretty creole belle.

My pretty creole belle—  
Could love devotion tell—  
I'd sigh for you, I'd die for you,  
My pretty creole belle.

FOAH O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Old Dixy was a bondman  
Down in Dixie land,  
Down in dear old Dixie,  
Dixie, Dixie land;  
And early in the morning  
When daylight lit the bush,  
I seem to see old Dixy  
A crooning with the thrush.

'Tis foah o'clock in the morning  
And the sun begins to shine,  
The clover am in blossom  
And the leaf am on the vine;  
'Tis foah o'clock in the morning  
And the bird am in the tree,  
And foah o'clock in the morning  
Am just the time for me.

The snow has long since whitened  
Old Dixy's head and hands,  
Down in dear old Dixie,  
Dixie's, Dixie's lands;  
And early in the morning  
When daylight lights the bush,  
I seem to hear old Dixy  
A crooning with the thrush.

'Tis foah o'clock in the morning  
And the wash am on the line,  
The sheep have gone to pasture  
And the milkmaid calls the kine;  
'Tis foah o'clock in the morning  
And yonder flies the bee,  
And foah o'clock in the morning  
Am just the time for me.

And I have pictured Dixy  
Somewhere in some land,  
I hope it will be Dixie,  
Dear old Dixie land;  
When the dawn is ever radiant  
And its splendor gilds the bush,  
And old Dixy sits a crooning  
And warbling with the thrush.

'Tis foah o'clock in the morning  
And the bird is in the tree,  
But Massa says a bondman  
I must no longer be;  
The Lord bress dear ole Massa  
For he done set me free,  
But foah o'clock in the morning  
Am good enough for me.

IF CHICKENS WERE CROWS

If crows were chickens  
What a feast I'd have,  
Even if dem crows  
You would have to halve;  
I'd have dem fedders  
For to make mah bed,  
And I'd wear dem fedders  
All over mah head.

And in de mawning  
When ah wanted to snore,  
You wouldn't hear dem crows  
With their caw! caw! caw!  
But if chickens were crows  
Ah done hol' mah breath,  
For if chickens were crows  
Ah done starve to death.

## CHICKENS

The parson man was praying  
And praying long and loud,  
And praying to dem niggers  
In that congregation crowd;  
The parson man am hungry  
And the church rent must be found,  
So don't forget these prayers  
When the basket comes around.

And each and every nigger  
With pity in his eyes,  
Fingered in his pockets  
And turned them to the skies;  
You heard the benediction  
And the ticking of the clock,  
When someone shouted chickens  
And stampeded all the flock.

## THE EAGLE AND THE ROOSTER

The eagle is a dandy bird  
He sits upon his perch,  
Just like a flock of pigeons  
In the belfry of a church;  
But when that eagle starts to scream  
And flap his wings in air,  
Excuse me foh a minute  
But I'd rather not be there.



The rooster is a dandy bird,  
He sits upon his perch  
Just like a handsome lady  
In the bosom of her church;  
And when that rooster starts to crow  
And flap his wings in air,  
Excuse me foh a minute  
But I'd rather then be there.

### DOWN IN GEORGIA

I saw an aged negro,  
His hair as white as snow,  
And he was pondering deeply  
The days of long ago;  
His thoughts were running backward  
His eyes bent to the ground,  
And he was murmuring Georgia  
And Missus walking around.

And as I saw him brooding  
Beneath an old oak tree,  
It needed no great urging  
To bring his past to me;  
I saw him in the cotton,  
The cotton row on row,  
I saw him in the cornfield  
And I saw him with the hoe.

I saw the old plantation  
A home to him no more,  
A cabin small and homely  
And children round the door;  
And flowers wreathing roses  
And breathing sweets around,  
And this was down in Georgia  
And Missus walking around.

I know he was a bondman,  
His flesh still lacked the pound,  
For he was murmuring Georgia  
And Missus walking round;  
He whistled and he shuffled—  
Some joy was breaking ground,  
Or why did he mention Georgia?  
And Missus walking round.

## JUBA

Juba am the music—  
I always like to hear,  
'Tis music to my feelings,  
And music to my ear.  
I may be feeling lonesome  
Without a reason for  
But when I hear that Juba  
I done cry no moah.

I haven't any banjo—  
I haven't any bow,  
But I doan' need a fiddle  
To make my Juba go.  
I may be feeling lonesome  
Without a reason for  
But when I hear that Juba  
I done cry no moah.

## GWINE TO THE BALL

Gwine to the ball, Liz,  
Gwine to the ball?  
You will be a belle, Liz,  
You are fair and tall;  
You will be a belle, Liz,  
With your eyes of brown,  
And you will be a belle, Liz,  
In your buckram gown.

Gwine to the ball, Liz,  
In your buckram gown?  
You will be a belle, Liz,  
With your eyes of brown,  
You will be a belle, Liz,  
You are fair and tall,  
Gwine to the ball, Liz,  
Gwine to the ball.

### GWINE TO SEE MY GAL

Rastus had a rival  
For Miss Matilda's hand,  
He played the second fiddle  
In the Ethiopian band;  
And Henry started singing  
As he gave his bow a whirl—  
Tomorrow am a coming  
And I'm gwine to see my girl.

And Rastus heard him singing  
And Rastus saw his smile,  
And that roused Rastus' anger  
And that roused Rastus' bile;  
And Rastus started singing  
As he soaked him on the head—  
Tomorrow am a coming  
And you am gwine to be dead.

### NIGGERING AROUND

“Good morning, Marse Henry  
How am the little chile?”  
Said Rastus Johnson softly  
And with a nigger smile;  
Now Rastus wanted something  
He wanted Henrys hound,  
And that’s the way a nigger  
Comes niggering around.

With money in his pockets  
And clothes upon his back,  
You can always tell a nigger  
By the way a nigger acts;  
They guffaw like a donkey  
And when you hear that sound,  
You always know the nigger  
Has been niggering around.

### THE HORNET AND THE BEE

Hear that hornet buzzing,  
See that hornet fly,  
He don’t make no honey,  
He don’t want to try;  
He am just a torment  
And it am plain to me,  
The hornet am the dog whip  
And the black man am the bee.

Dat old hornet's buzzing  
Always in my ear,  
I hear him when I'm distant  
I hear him when I'm near;  
All the time he's buzzing  
And it am plain to me,  
The hornet am the dog whip  
And the black man am the bee.

He come round a buzzing  
And he sing a tune,  
But that tune ain't roses  
Nor the silvery moon;  
Keep away old hornet  
Don't you dare sting me,  
For the hornet am the dog whip  
And the black man am the bee.

THE TWO MASTERS

I had two good masters—  
Said Rastus Johnson Snow,—  
I had two good masters  
As you would want to know.

They never shouted flog him,  
See he idle stands,  
But they always cheered me—  
These two good old hands.

I always did my duty  
When working with the hoe,  
And round about my labor  
They always with me go.

I drove the mules all morning  
And ploughed the cotton lands,  
And happy was the master  
Of these two old hands.

Massa Right was gentle,  
Massa Left was kind,  
And what the other did do  
The other didn't mind.

The Lord was good to Moses,  
He obeyed the Lord's command,  
And I bless the Lord Almighty  
For dem two old hands.

## HAUL THAT WOODPILE DOWN

Blow dem whistles, steamboat,  
Blow dem long and loud,  
For I want to see the smoke steam  
And I want to see the cloud;  
And when you blow dem whistles  
Blow dem so they sound,  
For I want to hear dem whistles  
Haul that woodpile down.

Haul that woodpile down,  
Haul that woodpile down,  
The darkies they are singing  
As they go round and round;  
Singing to dem whistles,  
Haul that woodpile down.

Blow dem whistles, steamboat,  
Blow dem loud and long,  
Blow dem like a siren  
And blow dem like a song,  
And when you blow dem whistles  
Blow dem so they sound;  
For I want to hear dem whistles  
Haul that woodpile down.



Blow dem whistles, steamboat,  
Blow dem loud and clear,  
Blow dem for the distant  
And blow dem for the near;  
And when you blow dem whistles  
Blow dem so they sound,  
For I want to hear dem whistles  
Haul that woodpile down.

Blow dem whistles, steamboat,  
Blow dem like a horn,  
Blow dem for the cotton  
And blow dem for the corn;  
And when you blow dem whistles  
Blow dem so they sound,  
For I want to hear dem whistles  
Haul that woodpile down.

### NO MOON TONIGHT

Rastus likes to sing a song  
That doesn't take him very long,  
The buck and wing and pigeon wing  
You often hear him chirp and sing;  
And Mandy Lee and Dinah dear  
Will linger on your listening ear,  
But his favorite sweet and trite  
Is that song, No Moon Tonight.

GOOD BYE LIZA JANE

When I go back to Dixie  
I hope the sun will shine,  
When I go back to Dixie  
I hope the day is fine;  
When I go back to Dixie  
You won't see me again,  
When I go back to Dixie  
Good bye Liza Jane  
Good bye Liza Jane  
Good bye Liza Jane  
When I go back to Dixie  
Good bye to Liza Jane.

When I go back to Dixie  
I want to see the corn,  
When I go back to Dixie  
I want to hear the horn;  
When I go back to Dixie  
You won't see me again,  
When I go back to Dixie  
Good bye Liza Jane;  
Good bye Liza Jane  
Good bye Liza Jane,  
When I go back to Dixie  
Good bye Liza Jane.

### DID YOU SEE ME

I went ridin in a great big car—  
Did you, did you, did you see me?  
I was smoking a very fine cigar—  
Did you, did you, did you see me?  
All of the girls were waving their fans'  
And hidin' their smiles behin' their fans  
And I was pityin' dem po' white mans.  
Did you, did you, did you see me.

I went walking with Eliza Jane—  
Did you, did you, did you see me?  
Wore a gold ring and a big gold chain,  
Did you, did you, did you see me?  
All of dem coons they had to stare—  
When they saw me with Eliza there  
And for their frowns what did I care,  
Did you, did you, did you see me.

I got acquainted with Doctor Jones—  
Did you, did you, did you see me?  
Good morning, Mr. Sam, in his blandest tones,  
Did you, did you, did you see me?  
All the people looked, when he took my han'  
And wondered to themselves who am that man  
But I jes' enjoyed the situation an'—  
Did you, did you, did you see me.

THE CHARIOT MAN

I saw a chariot waiting—  
    A chariot big and bright,  
The horses all had wings on  
    And the harness all was white;  
I got aboard that chariot  
    And happy was my pride,  
When I was in that chariot  
    And Jesus by my side.

The driver man was Jesus— —  
    The driver man was God,  
And soon we got to heaven  
    Along the heavenly road;  
I got down from the chariot  
    And happy was my pride,  
To think I had been riding  
    With Jesus by my side.

WHEN I GET THERE THAT DAY

I'm gwine to heaven, on the judgment day—  
I'm gwine to heaven, in the good old way,  
And come all the rivers, and come all the floods,  
Come all the fires, and come all the bloods;  
They can't stop the shouting in my soul  
When I get there that day.

It won't be long and it won't be far  
Before I reach those gates ajar,  
And come all the rivers, and come all the floods,  
Come all the fires, and come all the bloods;  
They can't stop the shouting in my soul—  
When I get there that day.

### KEEP THAT CHARIOT ROLLING

The judgment day am coming,  
I feel it near at hand,  
When before the Lord Almighty  
We all have got to stand;  
So Elijah tell the angels  
And tell them too this day,  
To keep that chariot rolling  
And rolling down this way.

Then will the thunders rattle  
And lightnings light the sky,  
Then will the sinners tremble  
Before that mighty eye;  
So Elijah tell the angels  
And tell them too this day,  
To keep that chariot rolling  
And rolling down this way.

OLD JOHN BROWN

Old John Brown  
He set me free,  
Old John Brown  
Done this for me.  
Glory Hallelujah!  
To the snow white lamb!  
Glory Hallelujah!  
What a wretch I am.

Old John Brown  
He started the war,  
Old John Brown  
What a sword he wore.  
Glory Hallelujah  
To the blood of the lamb!  
Glory Hallelujah!  
What a wretch I am.

Old John Brown  
Came marching along,  
He saw me weeping  
And he heard my song,  
He washed my sins  
In the blood of the lamb!  
Glory Hallelujah!  
What a saint I am.

DOWN ON THE OLD PLANTATION

'Tis the early dawn and the early morn,  
You hear the mule and you hear the horn,  
You hear the wind and the rustle of the corn  
Down on the old plantation.

The cabin smoke is rising high,  
The pigs are grunting in the sty,  
The early birds begin to fly  
Down on the old plantation.

The river flows a silvery trail,  
The flowers scent the dewy gale,  
There goes the milkmaid with her pail  
Down on the old plantation.

The cotton is white and the corn is green  
And over the hoe the darkies lean,  
The song is sung and the smile is seen  
Down on the old plantation.

The night is bright and the river gleams  
Beneath the moonlight's silvery beams,  
And amid such scenes the darky dreams  
Down on the old plantation.



THE MULE

I sing in simple language—  
    'The virtues of a beast,  
On whom the praises languish  
    And on whom the idyls cease ;  
A paragon of patience  
    The best you ever saw,  
He may not be a beauty—  
    But he's honest to the core.

Just hitch him to a mountain—  
    And tap him with the whip,  
And you'll see that mountain rolling  
    And you'll see that mountain slip ;  
And all he wants is fodder  
    And a bedding in the straw,  
And he may not be a beauty—  
    But he's honest to the core.

Up the hill, and down the hill  
    He'll amble with his load,  
But you must urge him gently  
    And don't use too much the goad ;  
And if he stoops to folly—  
    What is his balking for ?  
But a protest to his master  
    That he's honest to the core.

Handsome is, as handsome does—  
    May do for kings and queens,  
Or when you're driving tandem  
    Where fashion struts and preens;  
But when you're ploughing stubble  
    Or hauling guns in war,  
There's nothing like his muleship  
    So honest to the core.

As homely as the thistle  
    On which he loves to feed,  
How humble is his portion  
    And how glorious is his deed;  
And everywhere he travels  
    It is the common law,  
He may not be a beauty  
    But he's honest to the core.

### LIVING HIGH

Ahm living high, ahm living high,  
Ah can almost touch the sky,  
Where was you Rastus, when you was living high?  
Up in a tree with a hound close by;  
Ahm living high, ahm living high—  
Go way chile, I want to fly,  
Where was you Rastus, when you was living high?  
Up in a tree with a hound close by.

REFRAINS

Those Moses men, those Moses men,  
Those Moses men of God,  
Oh! glory to those Moses men,  
Those Moses men of God.

Roll that stone, roll that stone,  
Roll that stone away,  
Roll that stone, roll that stone,  
Oh! roll that stone away.

The glory man, the glory man,  
Dwelling in the sky,  
Oh! I want to see that glory man  
Dwelling in the sky.

DEM GOLDEN BELLS

Oh dem bells, dem golden bells  
Ringing, ringing, flinging, flinging,  
All my soul is singing, singing  
When I hear dem golden bells.

Oh dem bells, dem golden bells  
Sounding, sounding, pounding, pounding  
Zion! Zion! they are crying  
When I hear dem golden bells.

SINIA

Take me Lord, and take me quick,  
My heart is sad, my soul is sick,  
I want to get off, Sinia, Sinia—  
I want to get off at Sinia.

Hurry Lord, for here I come,  
Sound the trumpet, boom the drum,  
I want to get off, Sinia, Sinia—  
I want to get off at Sinia.

THE HALLELUJAH TRAIN

The hallelujah train is almost ready,  
We're bound for Canaan and the Lord,  
And when you hear those bells a ringing—  
Get aboard, get aboard.

We're going through a land of honey,  
Where angel voices praise the Lord,  
And when you hear those angels singing—  
Get aboard, get aboard.

There is no stopping by the wayside  
There's only one wide river to ford,  
And when you hear those voices calling  
Get aboard, get aboard.

WHERE IS MY DINAH?

Where is my Dinah?  
Why does she hide?  
Why is she absent  
From her honey's side?

Where is my Dinah?  
When was she aroun'?  
There is my Dinah  
In her bran' new gown.

Where is my Dinah?  
Where can I find,  
The one that makes me happy  
The one that is so kind?

Where is my Dinah?  
I just heard a soun',  
There is my Dinah  
In her bran' new gown.

Where is my Dinah?  
Where can she be?  
Why does she wander  
All alone from me?

Where is my Dinah?  
At last, at last, I've foun',  
There is my Dinah  
In her bran' new gown.

POSSUM JUICE

White folks, white folks  
Wear a long face,  
They am never happy  
Like the black race;  
I could tell mah troubles  
But what am the use?  
Thinking of that possum  
And that possum juice.

Ah ain't got no money,  
Ah can't pay mah rent,  
My feet am heavy,  
My back am bent;  
Ah could tell mah troubles  
But what am the use?  
Thinking of that possum  
And that possum juice,

Satan say I'se wicked,  
Satan say I die,  
Satan doan' know me,  
Satan done lie;  
I is very happy  
But what am the use?  
Thinking of that possum  
And that possum juice.

### COME ALONG CHILLUN

A very nice angel  
In very nice clothes,  
Asked me a question  
And what do you suppose?  
Come along, chillun  
The ark is on the way,  
Get aboard, chillun,  
Get aboard today.

A very nice angel  
In very nice clothes,  
Asked me a question  
And what do you suppose?  
The judgment am a coming  
Coming on the way,  
Come along, chillun,  
Come along today.

### 'THE PROMIS' LAN'

A poor old nigger worn and gray,  
Looking for a place to rest and pray,  
Moses come and take him by the hand,  
Moses am that promised land.

Milk and honey now he eat  
And rest he found for his poor feet,  
For Moses take him by the hand  
And Moses am that promised land.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?

What are you doing up there?  
What are you doing up there?  
Come right down, with that heavenly crown,  
What are you doing up there?

What are you doing up there?  
What are you doing up there?  
I'm on my way, to that glorious day  
That's what I'm doing up there.

What are you doing up there?  
What are you doing up there?  
Come right down, with that heavenly crown,  
What are you doing up there?

What are you doing up there?  
What are you doing up there?  
I'm filled with the fire, of the heavenly choir,  
That's what I'm doing up there.

What are you doing up there?  
What are you doing up there?  
Come right down, with that heavenly crown,  
What are you doing up there?

What are you doing up there?  
What are you doing up there?  
Im living with God, in the smile of the Lord,  
That's what I'm doing up there.



ELIJAH RING THAT BELL

I heard the good Lord calling,  
I heard the good Lord say,  
Elijah stands a waiting  
To show me on my way;  
I do not fear the journey  
All through the night and day  
When I know Elijah's waiting  
To show me on my way.

Elijah! Elijah! Elijah! ring that bell,  
Elijah! Elijah! Elijah! ring that bell,  
I'm going over the river, but when I cannot tell;  
Oh! oh! Elijah! Elijah! ring that bell.

My soul is ready waiting  
To go and see my Lord,  
I do not fear his anger,  
I do not fear his sword;  
He called me on my journey  
And he told me not to stay,  
And he said the angel Elijah  
Would show me on my way.

Elijah! Elijah! Elijah! ring that bell,  
Elijah! Elijah! Elijah! ring that bell,  
I'm going over the river, but when I cannot tell,  
Oh! oh! Elijah! Elijah! ring that bell.

PHAROAH

Pharoah was a monarch,  
Pharoah was a king,  
He wore a silken girdle  
And he wore a golden ring;  
He had a lovely daughter  
As lovely as could be,  
He couldn't catch Moses  
And he can't catch me.

Pharoah was a monarch,  
Pharoah was a king,  
He wore a silken girdle  
And he wore a golden ring;  
He couldn't stop the waters,  
He couldn't cross the sea,  
He couldn't catch Moses  
And he can't catch me.

ALL RIGHT MOSES I'LL BE THERE

Moses done tell me, there am gwine to be  
A great big treat in store for me,  
Let the day be foul or fair,  
All right Moses I'll be there.

Moses done tell me, I am gwine to see  
Something the Lord has in store for me,  
Let the day be foul or fair,  
All right Moses I'll be there.

FORTY ACRES AND A MULE

Forty acres and a mule—  
A little warm a little cool,  
A little cabin and a floor,  
A little flower round the door;  
A little well, a little tree,  
A little sky for all to see,  
A little porker in a pen,  
A little rooster and a hen;  
Some sweet potatoes and a yam,  
A big fat possum and a ham,  
And why should Sambo want to roam  
From that fohty and that home?

Forty acres and a mule,  
A little cabin and a school,  
Pickaninnies on the floor  
And a Mammy watching o'er;  
A patch of clover and of wheat,  
A honey hive of honey sweet,  
A field of cotton and of corn,  
A blackbird singing in the morn;  
A little cloud, a little rain,  
A little road, a little lane,  
And wouldn't Sambo be a fool  
To leave that fohty and that mule?

CAROLINE

Virginy am some pumpkins  
An' Marylan' divine,  
But dey can't hold a candle—  
Down in Caroline.

George Washington, President,  
He made the people shine,  
But gib me Marse Pinckney—  
Down in Caroline.

The breezes seem more softer—  
The air seems more like wine,  
The friends and counsels dearer  
Down in Caroline.

And when my days are over  
Beneath some spreading pine,  
I want to meet the judgment—  
Down in Caroline.

So sang darky David—  
Trimming bush and vine,  
And singing with the skylark  
Down in Caroline.

### THE JUDGMENT MORN

The judgment day is coming,  
Hark! the trumpet's sound,  
Wake up sleepers, wake up  
When Gabriel comes around;  
Take away that banjo  
On that judgment morn,  
For I'd like to be old Gabriel  
Blowing on that horn.

Hark! the trumpet's blowing,  
Hark! the trumpets' sound,  
Get up sleepers, get up  
When Gabriel comes around;  
Take away that banjo  
On that judgment morn,  
For I'd like to be old Gabriel  
Blowing on that horn.

### THE DARKIES' JUBILEE

It am coming, it am coming,  
It am coming very soon,  
I can hear it in the thunder,  
I can see it in the moon;  
All the darkies will be waiting,  
All the darkies will be free,  
For the coming of the Saviour  
And the darkies' jubilee.

It am coming, it am coming,  
It am coming on the way,  
I can hear it in the night time,  
I can hear it in the day;  
Moses will be past grand master  
And our friends we all will see,  
When the Saviour gives the greeting  
At the darkies' jubilee.

### ROLL ON, JORDAN, ROLL

Roll on, Jordan, roll on,  
Roll on, deep and wide,  
Roll on in your power—  
Roll on in your pride;  
Roll on, Jordan, roll on,  
There is glory in my soul,  
Roll on, Jordan, roll on—  
Roll on, Jordan, roll.

Roll on, Jordan, roll on,  
Roll on, night and day,  
Roll on in your glory—  
Roll on in your way;  
Roll on, Jordan, roll on,  
There is glory in my soul,  
Roll on, Jordan, roll on,  
Roll on, Jordan, roll.

DIXIE DARKY LAND

Down in Dixie darky land  
There the folks am fine and grand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand  
Down in Dixie darky land.

Hear them banjos dum, dum, dum,  
Hear them fiddles tum, tum, tum,  
Hear those darkies hum, hum, hum  
Down in Dixie darky land.

See the chillun at their play,  
See the river on its way,  
See the sunflowers bright and gay  
Down in Dixie darky land.

See that cotton, see that corn,  
See that blackbird on the thorn,  
Happy the day that I was born  
Down in Dixie darky land.

Lovely is the lovely night,  
There the stars are pure and white,  
And the moon is always bright  
Down in Dixie darky land.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

My heart is happy,  
My heart is glad,  
Dinah makes me happy,  
Dinah makes me glad;  
Her hair is curly,  
Her eyes are brown,  
And I'm going to meet her  
When the sun goes down.

Many are the maidens,  
Many are their charms,  
But of all the maidens  
Dinah only charms;  
Her teeth are pearly,  
Her cheeks are brown,  
And I'm going to meet her  
When the sun goes down.

Moonlight on the water,  
Moonlight on the stream,  
That is Dinah laughing  
Like a rippling beam;  
Soon the night is coming,  
Soon the stars will crown,  
And I'm going to meet her  
When the sun goes down.



DINAH COME WITH ME

Dinah I am calling,  
Dinah do you hear?  
For the shades are falling  
And the night is near;  
Come with me, Dinah,  
Dinah, come with me,  
By the light of the moon, Dinah,  
Dinah, come with me.

Dinah I am calling,  
Dinah do you hear?  
Though the night is falling  
Dinah do not fear;  
Come with me, Dinah,  
Dinah, come with me,  
By the light of the moon, Dinah,  
Dinah, come with me.

MY LITTLE BLACK EYED CHLOE

The moon is on the river  
And the moon is on the stream  
And there is one I'm thinking of  
And of whom I often dream;  
Her eyes are like the blossoms  
Of the hyacinths when they blow,  
And I call her, yes I call her  
My little black eyed Chloe.

The stars begin to twinkle  
And the stars begin to gleam,  
And still of Chloe I'm thinking  
And still of Chloe I dream;  
And no flower in the garden  
Does ever sweeter grow,  
More sweeter than the sweetness  
Of my little black eyed Chloe.

### WHERE THE WOODBINE GROWS

Down in Alabama  
Among the dusky Chloes,  
Down in Alabama  
Where the woodbine grows;  
There lives a pretty maiden  
As sweet as any rose,  
Down in Alabama  
Where the woodbine grows.

Her face is like the olive,  
Her eyes are like the snows,  
Down in Alabama  
Where the woodbine grows;  
And I'm going to wed her  
And wed her with the rose,  
Down in Alabama  
Where the woodbine grows.

MANDY'S SOLILOQUY

The Lord almighty mighty  
Have mercy on my soul,  
Just hear them niggers praying,  
Just see them eyeballs roll;  
And when I see them niggers  
And hear them niggers pray,  
I surely think the Lord am gwine  
To strike them dead some day.

There's nigger Rastus Johnson,  
He am a funny coon,  
He loves to go a roving  
When the cloud am on the moon;  
And they do say Rastus Johnson  
When he begins to pray,  
Must surely tempt the good great Lord  
To strike him dead some day.

And as for that Jim Henry  
I see upon his knees,  
The Lord have mercy on my soul  
To see such coons as these;  
For when I see them niggers  
And hear them niggers pray,  
I surely think the Lord am gwine  
To strike them dead some day.

THE OLD BANJO

Take me back to Dixie—  
To Dixie let me go,  
And let me hear the music  
Of the old banjo.

I've been away from Dixie  
But sweet the echoes grow,  
Of Dixie in the evening  
And the old banjo.

So take me back to Dixie—  
The Dixie that I know,  
For I want to hear the music  
Of the old banjo.

I long to be in Dixie—  
In Dixie with the hoe,  
And hear the darkies playing  
The old banjo.

And although my hair is whitened  
And heavy is my toe,  
I still can dance a shuffle  
To the old banjo.

And when I get to heaven  
How great will be my woe,  
If I cannot hear the playing  
Of the old banjo.

SONGS OF DIXIE

There are songs of Dixie  
That everybody knows,  
I wish I was in Dixie  
And where the Swanee flows;  
But the song I like in Dixie  
Is not the river's foam,  
But a cabin in the clearing  
And home sweet home.

I want not Massa's mansion,  
His oxen or his sheep,  
But oh I want a cabin  
Where I can rest and sleep;  
For the song I love in Dixie  
Is not the river's foam,  
But a cabin in the clearing  
And home sweet home.

A PLAINTIVE MELODY

Massa got chickens, Massa got shoats,  
Massa got cornfields, Massa got oats;  
Massa got a nigger, nigger got a hoe,  
Working, working, everywhere you go.

Massa got chillun, Massa got clothes,  
Massa got fire, Massa got those;  
Massa got a nigger, nigger got a hoe,  
Working, working, everywhere you go.

Massa got oxen, Massa got a plough,  
Massa got cotton, cotton grow now,  
Massa got a nigger, nigger got a hoe,  
Working, working, everywhere you go.

Massa got a Sunday, Massa got a God,  
Massa got a heaven, Massa got a rod;  
Massa got a nigger, nigger got a hoe,  
Working, working, everywhere you go.

### THE SUNFLOWER

There's a flower in the garden—  
A flower that I know,  
It has a golden glory  
And it has a golden glow;  
Shiny are its features  
And golden is its hair,  
And it is the happy sunflower  
That I see there.

There's a flower in the garden—  
A flower big and bright,  
The glory of the morning  
And the splendor of the night;  
Radiant are its features  
And its face is fair,  
And it is the happy sunflower  
That I see there.

### HOE CAKE SONG

The dinner time was passing  
And waiting was the ham,  
The possums had been eaten  
And ready was the jam;  
The coons began to grumble,  
There must be some delay,  
For what made them darkies grumble,  
And what made them darkies say:  
Ah doan' want no dumplings,  
No raisin cake or pound,  
But when you jes' get ready  
Pass that hoe cake round.

They cared not for the coffee  
They cared not for the coffee,  
They only wanted hoe cake  
With every course between;  
And feasting on the luscious  
Or breaking bread with Kings,  
Was nothing to the hoe cake  
Of which their longing sings:  
Ah doan' want no dumplings,  
No raisin cake or pound,  
But when you jes' get ready  
Pass that hoe cake round.

### THE WEDDIN' GOWN

Mandy Johnson wears a smile—  
What makes Mandy pleased the while?  
There are rumors in the town—  
Mandy has a weddin' gown.

The stripes are big, and the stripes are red  
And there is a hood to fit the head:  
And they say no queen or crown  
Ever was like Mandy's gown.

There were laces there were beads—  
There were velvets there were seeds:  
And from the girdle hanging down  
Was a blue ribbon on the gown.

Mandy learned to stitch and sew—  
To make that gown to please her beau:  
And he declared did Mistah Brown  
There never was such a weddin' gown.

Before the parson Mandy stands  
Holding her honey's horny hands,  
And their blushes soft and brown  
Were spread all over that weddin' gown.

There was a party and a dance—  
And soft the whispering and the glance.  
And the song that most went round  
Was glory, glory, to that gown.



### THE CATFISH FRY

The niggers down in Dixie  
They have a lot of fun,  
With fishing in the rivers  
And sleeping in the sun;  
And if you want a nigger  
To roll his nigger eye,  
Just you tell that nigger  
Of a nigger catfish fry.

That chicken and that pone cake  
And that melon on the vine,  
Can never hold a candle  
To a catfish on a line;  
And when the fire's waiting  
And the fat is spouting high,  
There's bound to be a nigger  
And a nigger catfish fry.

The Lord he made the honey  
And the Lord he made the bee,  
And the Lord he made the catfish  
And he made the catfish free;  
And there's nothing down in Dixie  
That will better please your eye,  
Than to see a nigger fooling  
With a nigger catfish fry.

A hundred or a dozen—  
It is all the same to Mose,  
There is languor in his manner,  
There is langour in his clothes;  
But just you watch that nigger  
And just you watch his eye,  
When you see that nigger fooling  
With that nigger catfish fry.

### WHEN MASSA BLOWS THAT HORN

Blow that horn old Massa  
Blow it for the dawn,  
Blow it for the cotton  
And blow it for the corn;  
Blow it for the cabin—  
See the day is born,  
And the darkies must be waking  
When Massa blows that horn.

The hounds begin their baying  
The birds all come around,  
The mules they are neighing,  
The weather vane turns round;  
Blow it for the cabin—  
See the day is born,  
And the darkies must be waking  
When Massa blows that horn.

THE ROOSTING ROOSTERS

Rastus has a banjo,  
It only has a string,  
Hear old Rastus playing,  
Hear old Rastus sing;  
The night is dark and stormy  
And the wind goes rushing by,  
As he chants upon the chorus  
Why dem roosters roost so high.

Roost away old rooster,  
Roost upon that limb,  
When ah wants to git you  
Ah won't have to swim;  
But some night you'll be roosting  
With your wing across your eye  
And then you'll be a rooster  
With dem roosters in the sky.

Ah know you fear the tempest,  
Ah know you fear the rain,  
Ah know dem foxes prowling  
Done give you lots of pain;  
But some night you'll be roosting  
With your wing across your eye,  
And then you'll be a roosting  
With dem roosters in the sky.

THE GOLDEN CROWN

I'm on the road, the heavenly road—  
That leads to the heavenly gate,  
And the crossroads wind, and the crossroads lead  
And I haven't got long to wait;  
My back is bent and my feet are worn—  
And my head is almost bare,  
But that golden crown, am a coming down  
When I get ready to wear.

When I get ready, when I get ready—  
When I get ready to wear,  
That golden crown, am a coming down  
When I get ready to wear.

The road is long, and the road is hard—  
And dangers oft beset,  
But I dry my eyes with a heavenly smile  
Whenever they get wet;  
And the crossroads wind, and the crossroads lead  
And the briers tear and tear,  
But that golden crown, am a coming down—  
When I get ready to wear.

When I get ready, when I get ready—  
When I get ready to wear,  
That golden crown, am a coming down  
When I get ready to wear.

### WHEN THE TIDE TURNS ROUND

Steamboat start dem paddles,  
Start dem paddles round,  
I want to go to Memphis  
For I am homeward bound.  
I done come from Georgia  
But the boat done get aground  
And I'm gwine back to Memphis  
When the tide turns round.

Steamboat start dem paddles,  
Start dem paddles round,  
I can't wait no longer—  
Till I hear that sound,  
My cabin home is calling,  
I hear the horn and hound  
And I'm gwine back to Memphis  
When the tide turns round.

### THE HOE DOWN

Tell all the niggers to get out their hoes—  
And come right away in their every day clothes.  
There's going to be a hoe down, down the rows.  
Hoe down, hoe down, hoe.

Hoe down niggers, don't stand around—  
Massa am coming with a whip and a hound.  
Hoe to the bottom, and hoe to the top—  
For the cotton got to grow, and the nigger mustn't  
stop.

Mandy and Mose are down the row  
And close behind comes old black Joe—  
Down to the fence and back they go—  
Hoe down, hoe down, hoe.

Hoe down niggers, hoe down quick—  
Hoe down the weeds where they done grow thick,  
The sun am hot and the nigger might drop—  
But the cotton must grow, and the nigger musn't  
stop.

### THE ROUSTABOUT

The steamboat's on the river  
Or the steamboat's in the dock,  
It is early in the morning  
Or it's nearly four o'clock;  
And the roustabout is singing  
As the steamboat whistle blows,  
For he's always with the steamboat  
Where the steamboat goes.

The steamer tugs the hawser  
Or the steamboat tugs the tide,  
Just like a mettled racer  
That is eager for a ride;  
And the roustabout is singing  
As the steamboat whistle blows,  
For he's always with the steamboat  
Where the steamboat goes.

WHEN THE WASH AM OUT

Glory Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah evermore,  
I've been down to Jordan—  
To Jordan's cleansing shore;  
And one thing you can be sure of  
And make no bones about,  
You needn't come around, old debbil  
When the wash am out.

When the wash am out,  
When the wash am out,  
You needn't come around, old debbil  
When the wash am out.

Once I was so sinful  
And once I was so vile,  
My conscience never was stricken  
By any joy or smile;  
But I've been down to Jordan  
And that is why I shout,  
You needn't come around, old debbil  
When the wash am out.

When the wash am out,  
When the wash am out,  
You needn't come around, old debbil  
When the wash am out.

DIAMONDS

Some folks they like diamonds,  
Diamonds big to wear,  
Diamonds in their bosoms  
And diamonds in their hair;  
But I could be so happy  
Yum! Yum!  
If I only had a chicken  
In my finger and my thumb.

The diamonds some folks are wearing  
Are scandalous to see,  
They have diamonds for their breakfast  
And diamonds for their tea;  
But I could be so happy  
Yum! Yum!  
If I only had a chicken  
In my finger and my thumb.

There's that old Rastus Johnson,  
He got a diamond ring,  
As big as any war club  
Of any African king;  
But I would be so happy  
Yum! Yum!  
If I only had a chicken  
In my finger and my thumb.



### THE OLD MEWL

Pickaninnies crawling  
Round about the floor,  
Ducks and chickens hopping  
In and out the door;  
And happy is the darky  
And he has a jewel,  
With Hannah in the garden  
And that old mewl.

Rabbits in the bushes,  
Possums in the tree,  
Honey in the locust  
Come and get me;  
And happy is the darky  
And he has a jewel,  
With Hannah in the garden  
And that old mewl.

### MOONLIGHT

A moonlight night in Dixie,  
A moonlight night to dream,  
Moonlight on the savannahs  
And moonlight on the stream;  
And when thinking of my childhood  
My heart abundant goes,  
Back to sunny Dixie  
Where the sweet magnolia grows.

A moonlight night in Dixie,  
A moonlight night to dream,  
Moonlight with its glimmer  
And moonlight with its gleam;  
And when thinking of my childhood  
My heart in fondness goes,  
Back to sunny Dixie  
Where the Swanee river flows.

THE SUN DO MOVE

The world am round  
And the world am flat,  
And we'll let it go—  
On its way at that;  
“But praise the Lawd  
For I can prove,”  
Said old brother Jasper,  
“That the sun do move.”

Joshua made—  
The sun stand still,  
While he fought the fight  
On the holy hill;  
“But praise the Lawd  
For I can prove,”  
Said old brother Jasper,  
“That the sun do move.”

THE COLORED CHILDREN'S  
CATECHISM

Who made the land?  
And who made the sea?  
Who made the black man?  
And who made him free?  
Abraham Lin'cum made the land,  
Abraham Lin'cum made the sea,  
Abraham Lin'cum made the black man  
And Abraham Lin'cum made him free.

Who made the day?  
And who made the night?  
Who made the black?  
And who made the white?  
Abraham Lin'cum made the day,  
Abraham Lin'cum made the night,  
Abraham Lin'cum made the black  
And Abraham Lin'cum made the white.

Who made the hands?  
And who made the mouth?  
Who made the north?  
And who made the south?  
Abraham Lin'cum made the hands,  
Abraham Lin'cum made the mouth,  
Abraham Lin'cum made the north  
And Abraham Lin'cum made the south.

WHEN THE STEAMBOAT COMES  
ALONG

Captain blow the whistle—  
    Captain blow it long,  
For I want to hear the whistle  
    When the steamboat comes along.

Captain blow the whistle  
    Let it sing a song—  
For I want to hear the whistle  
    When the steamboat comes along.

The tide is running seaward—  
    And the tide is running strong,  
But I want to hear the whistle  
    When the steamboat comes along.

The driftwood and the sand bar  
    They sound the signal gong,  
And you always hear the whistle  
    When the steamboat comes along.

So Captain blow the whistle—  
    And Captain don't be long,  
For I want to hear the whistle  
    When the steamboat comes along.







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